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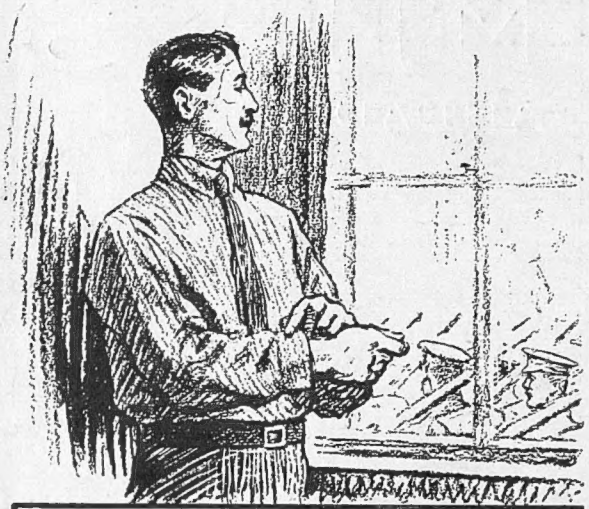

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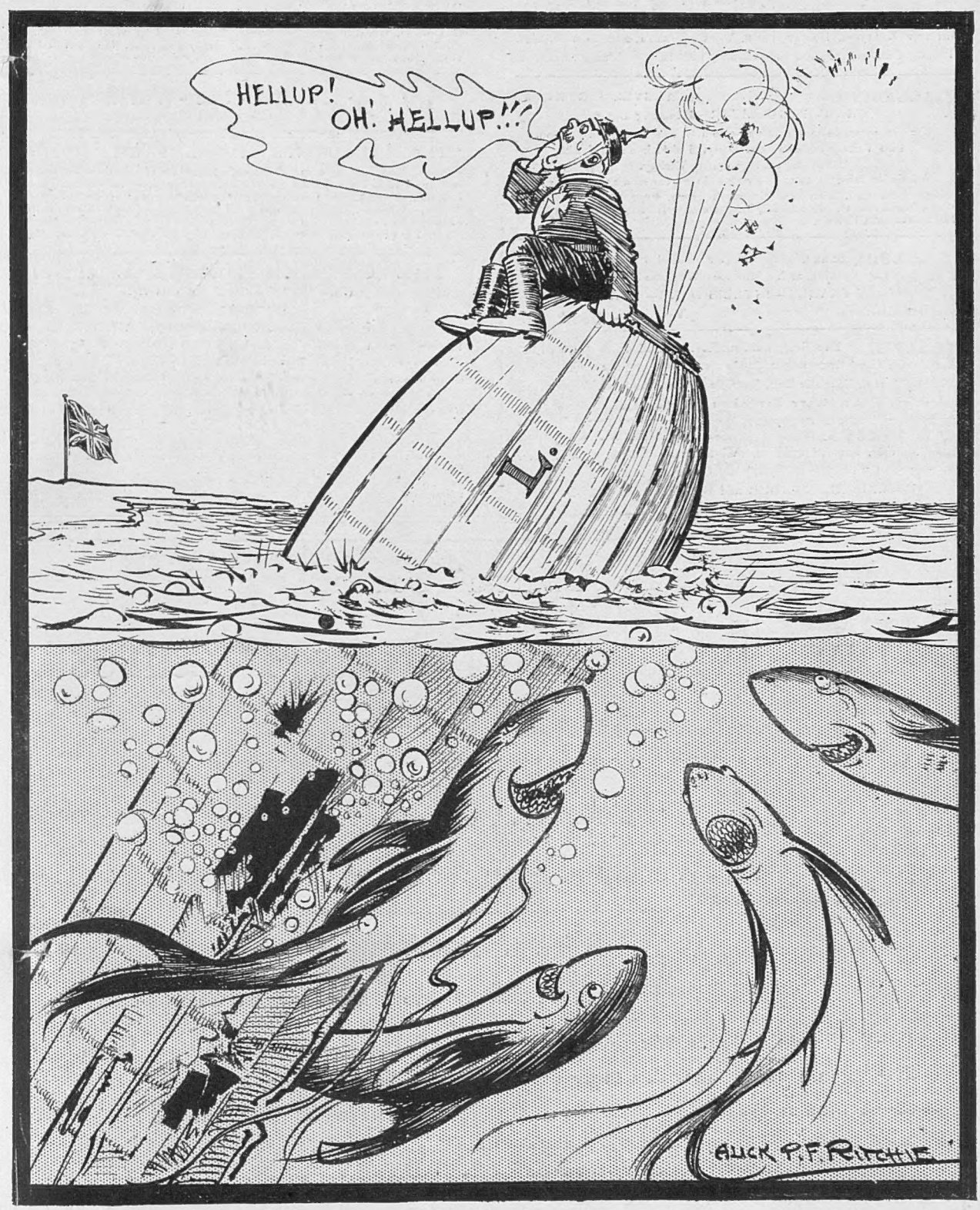
The BYSTANDER



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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Zeppelinitis

THIS is a curiously stubborn disease and, if I were a German, I should view the steady manner in which it is fastening on to the British body corporate with something more than dismay. Its first symptom is a hardening of the heart of the kind usually associated with a certain Pharaoh of Egypt. But in this commercial century the "hardening" takes another form, to wit, never to have any more trade relations with Germany than can possibly be helped. And the second is like unto it: never, never to acknowledge Germany as anything but a prostrate and defeated antagonist.

⁂ ⁂

After-Effects

OF course, the second symptom would not matter to the Germans so much if it were not preceded by the first. Germany could otherwise hope eventually to recover in peace what she lost in war. But the Zeppelins have changed all that. The average Englishman seems to be definitely resolved at last that, in future, even if he himself makes less money, the German shall make none. That is a bad look-out for Germany whatever impossible feat she may hope to accomplish. You can't *make* people trade with you, whatever treaties a Government may be forced to sign. That is why, were I a German, I should view the spread of Zeppelinitis in England with terror and dismay instead of shouting nonsense about "*strafing*" proud islanders and so on.

⁂ ⁂

"Wilful Murder"

IN this connection the finding by a coroner's jury at an inquest on victims of the recent raid in Staffordshire of a verdict of wilful murder against the Kaiser and the Crown Prince is instructive. On a previous occasion, if I remember rightly, a London Coroner persuaded a jury not to bring in such a verdict on the ground that it could serve no useful purpose, and from a strictly legal point of view no doubt he was right. The Staffordshire coroner appears to have taken the same line without avail.

⁂ ⁂

"J'Accuse"

THE refusal of the jury to take his advice may possibly be derided by some people who pride themselves on their superior intelligence, but, after all, the jury's attitude is quite intelligible. It was a plain man's way of showing righteous indignation at crime of the most heinous hideousness. "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown," or any such colourless verdict, would not be an adequate expression of their feelings. They wanted to fix the blame upon some responsible person. You may call it futile, or what you please, but it reveals the temper of the civilian population of England in a light that bodes ill for Germany in the future. It is an Englishman's way of saying "*J'accuse*" to the whole Teutonic race.

⁂ ⁂

Photograph *Sport and General*

ALWAYS DOING SOMETHING—AND DOING IT WELL

Instead of taking the well-earned rest to which he was entitled on his return home on short leave from the Front last week, the Prince of Wales seized the opportunity to put in some more hard and useful work in his country's service. He is here seen arriving at the meeting of the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation, at which, as the Chairman of its Statutory Committee, he delivered a most admirable speech

Less Howling

BUT do we not, after all, number among us at home a good many cowards? If not, why is it that we only howl with rage when those of us who are still at home come under actual fire in the way of aircraft attacks? Why is it that so long as the Zeppelins leave us alone over here so many of us are content to let our men at the Front suffer serious casualties, gas attacks, and the other only slightly less serious hardships of the campaign with little or no increased demand for the crushing of the enemy? Why do we demand fresh efforts for his defeat only when we personally are attacked with bombs? Some of us who say we *cannot* go to the Front, and are very loud in our "I only wish I could" protestations, are content to remain passive while others come under fire, but as soon as the firing line comes to us we begin to shriek about it and demand that something—we don't say what, by the way—be done for *our* protection. "What is the Government doing in the way of air defence? Why don't they destroy the enemy aircraft before *we* are hurt?" and so on.

⁂ ⁂

Something Accomplished

ALREADY the new aircraft defences for London seem to have prevented the last raiders from getting near the metropolis, but nobody seems to have said a good word for the Government on that score. Surely that is something. Instead we howl about the Zeppelins having crossed the East Coast line further north and done damage elsewhere. My geographical knowledge is not, perhaps, as strong as it might be, but it seems to me that the East Coast line is of some

(*Continued on page 226*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 225)

considerable mileage, and not a sort of confined narrow aerial "pass" into the country. Even in daylight it would be a pretty big proposition to keep under observation every mile of coastline where a Zeppelin could cross, while at night the possibilities of aircraft, flying at a high altitude, crossing the line are innumerable. Let us put an end to this howling, and take our own little doses of gruel at infrequent intervals as quietly as the men at the Front take their big ones daily and nightly. The sooner we realise that this war *is* a war on civilians as well as combatants the better. Reprisals and attacks by all means if you like—not attacks on ourselves and our own defenders.

Compulsion at Last

By way of set-off we have shown that we are going to stick at nothing by at last adopting Conscription. I wonder what the Germans really think of that? I have heard in former, happier, times, many Germans who knew England well say that never, under any conceivable circumstances, could Conscription be introduced in any form. They must be even more surprised than their friends over here at the ease with which it has been adopted.

The Last Word

It seems to me regrettable that the excessively brutal manner in which the Germans kept a Belgian boy prisoner till he was eighteen in order to shoot him on the morning of his birthday should not have called forth some public protest. To begin with, it was grossly illegal, even on their own showing, and, far worse, it was cruelty so refined as to rival the horrors of the Inquisition. To some people it seems to surpass in brutality the execution of Miss Cavell. Neutrals, please take note—even if you don't send one!

Not All "Dug-Outs"

Many arguments have been made recently against the higher commands of the army being placed in the hands of men well past the prime of life, and attacks have been levelled at the "dug-outs," as they've been called. That not all of the higher commands have gone to old men, however, is proved by a recent announcement in the *Gazette*, which names Major F. FitzHugh Lance as a Temporary Brigadier-General. Brigadier-General at forty-three, I imagine, is nearly a record as far as recent promotions are concerned. Brigadier-General Lance, by the way, was mentioned in Sir Ian Hamilton's last despatch.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

RAPID PROMOTION

Major F. FitzHugh Lance, who has been gazetted a Temporary Brigadier-General at the age of forty-three. A son of the late Lieut.-General Sir Frederic Lance, K.C.B., he has seen much active service, and has been wounded in action four times. He married a daughter of Sir Philip Waterlow and has two youthful sons

The "Appam"

The case of the *Appam* is not by any means as "strange" as it has been made out to be. Those who talk glibly about bottling up the German Navy have very little notion of the enormous difficulty of the task, and the most effective blockade in the world is no absolute guarantee that a quick and smartly handled cruiser, skilfully disguised, cannot, with a little luck, slip through. Such a feat, though clever enough in its way, is a not uncommon incident of naval warfare, and such epithets as "amazing" and "sensational" are out of place. The Germans had the strongest possible inducement to send a commerce-destroyer to the North-west coast of Africa if they could, and we now know that they have succeeded. There may possibly be even more than one. That they will ultimately be hunted down and destroyed may be taken for granted, but in the meantime it is only to be expected that, like the *Emden*, they will do a considerable amount of damage to our shipping.

Signs and Portents

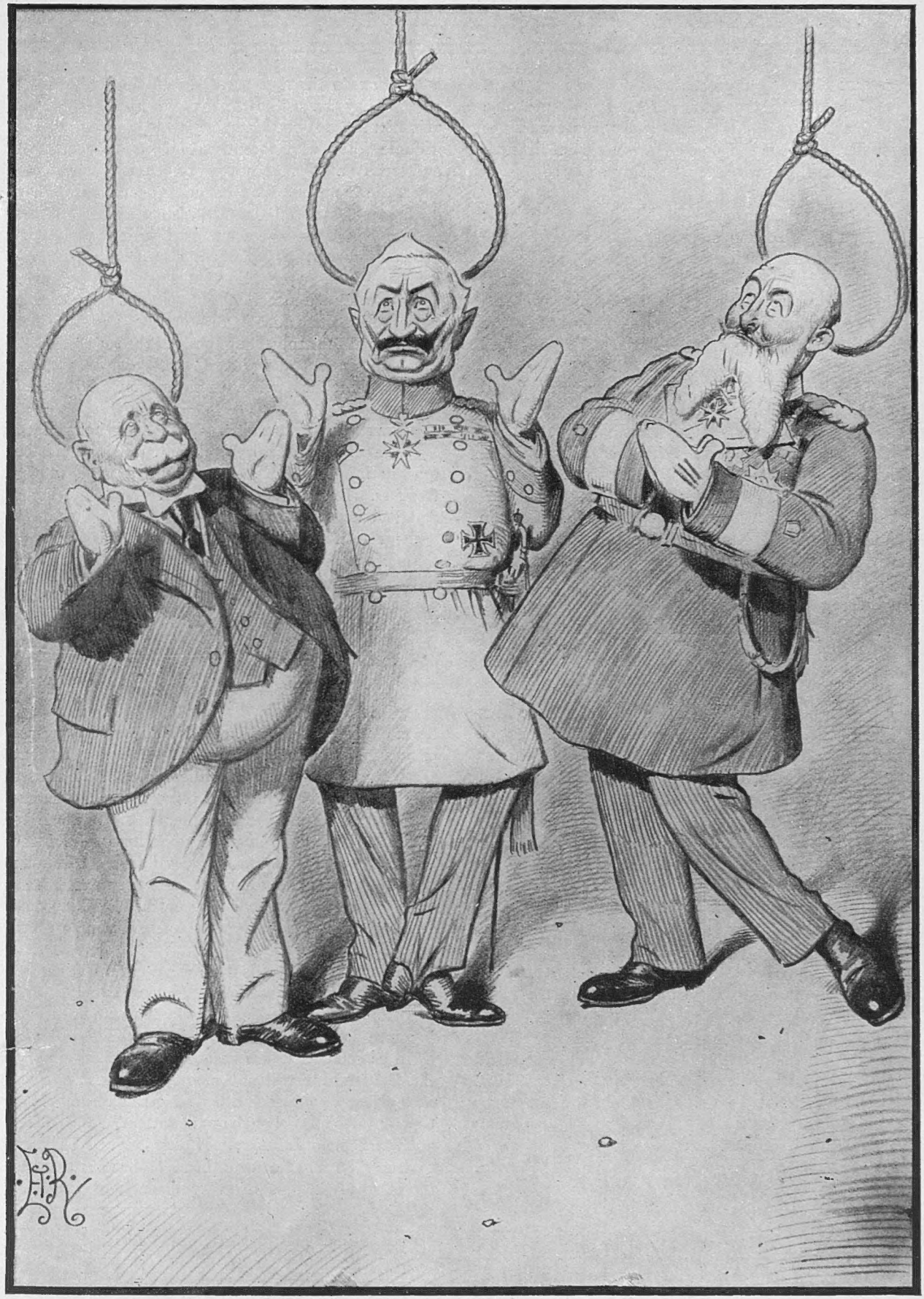
The Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* has made an interesting discovery. The news that the picture galleries and museums in London are to be closed for reasons of economy throws a strong light, it declares, on economic conditions in England, and a still stronger light on the mentality of the English. It means, in fact, that we are nearing the end of our tether in the matter both of money and *moral*. Well, well! We live and learn.

OFFICERS AT A RECRUITING MEETING

In our issue of February 2 we reproduced a photograph of two officers holding up a battered hat, and commented thereon. We are now informed by the officers in question that they had no share in the destruction of this unfortunate piece of headgear. One of the officers, being the recruiting officer for the district, was with his brother officer in charge of a recruiting meeting (in Trafalgar Square). One of the crowd ejaculated, "I don't advise young men to join the Army. The Germans are our brothers." He was roughly handled by some of the crowd but not by any of the military, whose duty is to keep order. The two officers never left the plinth (of Nelson's Statue) or touched the man. After the meeting, when the crowd had dispersed, their photograph was taken with the battered hat which had been handed to them as officers-in-charge. We quite accept the above statements, and while we do not think we were to blame in taking the view we did, seeing that these officers allowed themselves to be photographed after the meeting in the attitude of holding up the hat, nevertheless we much regret that we printed any words reflecting upon them, and we apologise to them for any annoyance which may have been caused them.

The Slip-Knot Halo—

THE ONLY KIND THEY'LL EVER GET!



A design for a more than usually stained-glass window depicting the canonization of Count Zeppelin, H.I.M., and Grand Admiral von Tirpitzissimus

OUR ENEMIES THE ENEMY

BY ONE WHO HAS ALWAYS LOATHED THEM

SOME German-haters are made; others are born. I belong to the latter class. My unspeakable loathing of the "blonde beast" is pre-war, not post-war. Mine is the glowing satisfaction of the man who can truthfully declare: "I told you so!"

⁂ ⁂

TWENTY years ago my loathing was an instinct; an experience in the Boer War helped to transform it into a conviction. It happened at Bloemfontein. After the occupation by Lord Roberts, I had many conversations with Englishmen who had been cooped up there. They all confessed they had no reason to complain of the treatment they received from the Boers.

"Then," I remarked, "you were not overjoyed to see us march in?"

"On the contrary," they immediately rejoined; "the Germans here have made our lives a hell." They had been the Bullies of Bloemfontein.

⁂ ⁂

IN America I made the acquaintance of the German as Glutton. Whenever I think of Chicago my mental picture of the windy city quickly resolves itself into the interior of the Bismarck Café, the rendezvous of Chicago Germans. I can see their coarse, bloated faces; I can hear the nauseating noises which accompanied their eating; their gutteral and arrogant voices resound in my ears.

⁂ ⁂

OTHER phases of the German character have been advertised to the world by the war. He stamped himself as a Perjurer at the start. His rogue's progress since has disclosed him as an Incendiary, a Thief, a Violater, a Brute, a Murderer. Who, indeed, has not felt the need of a new language to paint him in his true character? Printable words are feeble to express the horror which every right-minded man must feel when he recalls the catalogue of those fiendish atrocities which have for ever defamed the name of German. Those infamous deeds have given us a new synonym in the language of crime. "German" is a portmanteau word for the future. To call a man a "German" sums up the complete list of the vilest conduct any creature is capable of.

⁂ ⁂

NO better service to the cause of civilisation could be rendered than the devising of some means by which we should be daily reminded of the crimes Germany has committed. The danger is that we may weaken in our determination to cleanse the world of this leper among the nations. We forget too easily. We forgive too soon. We have grown so accustomed to tremendous events happening with almost daily frequency that such a foul murder as the sinking of the *Lusitania* has already lost its horror for some people. Our minds are liable to be atrophied to crime. Unless the black and blood-stained catalogue of Germany's unspeakable outrages is kept constantly in our memory we may be inclined to listen to the pernicious pacifist.

WHAT do the men at the Front think about it? They have the true perspective, the right valuation. Can you imagine them emulating the sublime idiot who recently told us to sit down and read a "great piece of German writing" when the Zeppelins were hovering overhead? They ought to know the German. They have seen his handiwork. They are acquainted with him for the debased brute he is. Even a chaplain, a "gentle-hearted" man, when told that sixty Germans were killed in a trench attack, ejaculated in a disappointed voice, "Is that all?" As for the more secular members of the army, they speak of the foe as "these hell-begotten Germans," and testify how the rank and file "hate them with a terrific and devilish hatred."

⁂ ⁂

THAT'S the right spirit. We folk at home must catch it if we have it not. We should be quickly infected if we could spend a week in the trenches. Every civilian who has been to the Front and had actual experience comes back aflame with zeal for such a prosecution of the war as will smash Germany to atoms. The stay-at-home, slushy pacifist must be muzzled of his bleating. If he were hit by a Zeppelin and unhappily survived, he would change his tune.

⁂ ⁂

HAVE we so soon forgotten that German officer who had the sense given him to admit that his fellow-countrymen would never be gentlemen and we never be anything but fools? This war is our last chance to rid ourselves of our folly—meaning, as that German meant, our insane softness towards the Kaiser and his hordes. We are still perpetrating the monumental folly of allowing thousands of Germans to remain at large in London. So a Teutonic barber the other day was gently fined £50 for trying to hinder recruiting. Are he and his like to continue at large? Will the Government need to be pushed by the people again ere they clap every German in prison?

⁂ ⁂

AFTER all, it depends upon the people. We get the Government we deserve. So long as cranks and pacifists want to be "kind" to Germans, and continue to nurse in their bosoms the snake wihch will bite them as soon as it has recovered sufficient vitality, the Government will not move. We must educate each other, inspire each other. No single example of German atrocities should be forgotten. All pacifists must be sent to Coventry. If they love the Germans so dearly, intern them with them. When our national life is finally purged of every hinderer of the war, there will be created such a passionate public opinion as will compel the sweeping up of every German in our midst. But that, after all, is only a side issue. The one thing that matters is to set ourselves in grim determination to the utter crushing of Germany. The world will never be a decent place in which to live until that vile race is put in a strait-jacket.

H. C. S.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *February* 7, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

IF Mr. McKenna, in his new Budget, really does tax theatres and music-halls and places, he'll have struck a gold-mine that ought to pay for quite a good slice even of this terribly expensive war. At least, that's what it looks like to the mere ordinary stander-by who's once or twice wanted to get seats without giving a week's notice, and been met with flat, not to say haughty, refusals. In the old days, if you 'phoned about dinner-time for stalls you were pretty sure of getting something somewhere. But we weren't at war then.

"Places in which lovers could shake off the 'insistency' of the unfeeling outside world"

OF course, the manager people are wailing something terrible at the awful prospect. And equally, of course, the audiences are keeping calm, though *they'll* do the paying in the end. But, really, it'll be a marvel, won't it, if in the third summer of this bitter war there still remain hundreds and thousands of people in England now, not only wanting, but clamouring, to pay 10*s.* 6*d.* plus war-tax to go to the theatre as usual?

THEY will, though, I haven't a doubt—just as they've gone on buying as much, if not more, than ever of tea and sugar and tobacco and other things that used to be luxuries once upon a time, though we've quite forgotten all about that.

AND as for shutting the museums—well, really, you know, until I read all the furious letters in the papers about the awful wickedness of doing so I'm afraid I rather imagined that it wouldn't so very much matter either way. While, on the general principle that every little helps, it seemed to me that anything that even *began* to make us realise that there is, after all, a war was to be encouraged rather than otherwise.

HOWEVER, according to much, much wiser people than me, "the spiritual influence of these places is just one of those *imponderabilia* which all Governments neglect." Also, they provide a wholesome, educational, and stimulating form of entertainment, and are the best places in which to shake off for a time "the insistency of war."

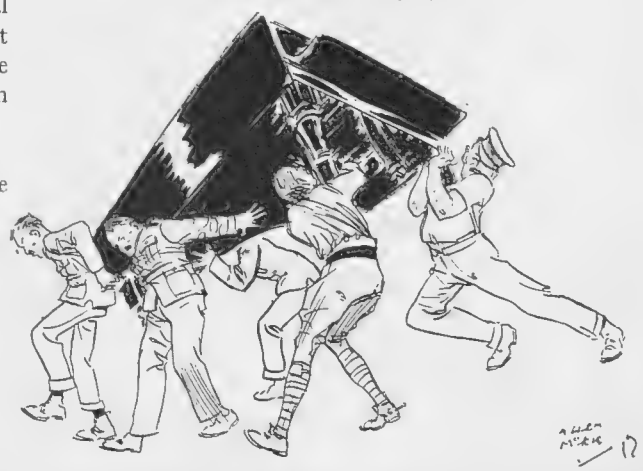
I BOW to superior authority. In fact, in the words of Frank Tinney, "I'm sunk, I am." But I must confess I hadn't noticed anyone *rushing* for this form of entertainment. In fact, apart from students and a few tourists, I'd quite come to think that the only point of museums was to provide places in which lovers could shake off the "insistency" of the unfeeling outside world.

OF course, if, as they say, our Colonial men spend such a lot of time at them it's another matter. But—well, one I've just met in London on leave (not an officer, either) told me that, living *very* carefully, he was just managing to get through on £2 a day. That doesn't look as if he spent *all* his time at the B.M. or the N.G., does it?

EXCEPT the war there's very little happening. The Zeps keep us on the *qui vive*, there's Cruft's Dog Show as usual this week, and they're calling up the Derby recruits very quickly—rumours of another lot next week, and they say the single men'll be all trained and ready by July. The Court's returned to Town from its holiday in Norfolk—both the King and Queen were at the Albert Hall on Saturday to hear Verdi's "Requiem" in memory of our fallen men. Next week the King opens Parliament, and as the Budget's going to be the chief business, that'll be what we'll all, of course, be talking about.

SAVING, saving, saving—really, you know, we shall *have* to do it sooner or later, if only to pay for bare necessities. The laundry people are putting up their

(*Continued on page 230*)



"There arrived a magnificent 100-guinea Grand which it took about twenty men to transport from the station"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW I" (continued from page 229)

"And when we find you, be you young or old, male or female, we're going to bring you along to split a bottle of the gold and bubbly of commerce"

charges again this week, so are the bakers, and as for spring-cleaning, even the housewives who love it most are afraid to venture 'cos keeping clean's almost the most expensive luxury of all.

❊ ❊

SOAP and things, they tell me, are fairly worth their weight in gold, and as for house decorating, labour's *non est*, and, I believe, they've given up making luxuries like wallpapers, while paint's all but priceless. Just have to sit in our grubbiness and grin and bear it, shan't we, like the men in the trenches?

❊ ❊

APROPOS, a bombardier in Flanders wants to know if it's ever occurred to me that "besides Tempy. Sec. Lieuts, there are also a few Tempy. Tommies (or, at any rate, here is one) who look forward to your letter every week, and hope that the next one won't be quite so exclusively officer-y."

❊ ❊

I STAND convicted—not of having forgotten them, but, perhaps, in the rush, having a little overlooked them. What I really think, though, you know, is that we ought to be even gratefuller to our Tempy. Tommies than to our Tempy. Officers. Bad enough for them out there. "Fair Hell" for the rank and file. And this one in particular suffers from hunger—"I don't want nose-bags, Blanche, or even a cooker. But if anyone *did* happen to send you anything in the food line for distribution it'd find a grateful recipient here."

❊ ❊

SEEMS to be the food question, too, that's the chief trouble with most of our T.T.'s here at home. I know several who, though they never grouse about it, just simply can't touch the camp food as prepared by the camp cooks, and served—well, not quite *à la* Ritz. "If we could only have a mess-hut and not eat where we sleep and drink out of our tooth-mugs it wouldn't be so bad." And talking of huts, they still leak, I'm told, just as they did in the beginning.

❊ ❊

BUT they do get some luxuries, even in the camps. People are very generous. For a camp up north the other day the Y.M.C.A. appealed for a piano for its recreation hut there. Promptly there arrived a magnificent 100-guinea Grand, which it took about twenty men to transport from the station, and which was ruined in a fortnight or so by the men's strumming, not to mention the droppings, and sometimes avalanches, from the roof. But it *was* appreciated.

❊ ❊

THIS little "joy-joke," as he calls it, comes from one who's been in hospital in Salonica, and says "the main topic of conversation all the time has been the question of your sex and age. And remember, Blanche, that if your photo isn't published before peace is declared we're all coming round to search for you. And when we find you, be you young or old, male or female, we're going to bring you along to split a bottle of the gold and bubbly of commerce." And this is the little story.

❊ ❊

ONCE upon a time there was a wicked, floppy-hatted subaltern, who loved not his aged and gouty C.O., and he conspired against him, saying "I will humble him." So he sent the name of the good man to a "Correspond with Lonely Soldiers" Society.

And it came to pass, in the fullness of time, that the aged C.O. began to receive many epistles, some from comely flappers, who sent unto him a woodbine or two and inquiring if he had blue eyes and curly hair, and others more stricken in years, who sent unto him a tract or two and good advice. And he reviled them, all, not knowing whence these unseemly tidings came. But the subaltern sat in the shade of his tent, and said unto himself, "I am one up." And he was.

"Much too nice to be published"

❊ ❊

AMONG my letters is one that I've just had from a man fighting in Mesopotamia (just by the Garden of Eden), and he says that the question of superfluous women here would be easily solved if some of them would take a trip out there. In an Arab village near Esra's tomb—"no wonder the old gentleman died there, it was 117 degrees damp heat and several of our men did the same for want of medical comforts, ice, and things"—there were one hundred men and only forty women, and though, as the poet says, Only the Brave deserve the Fair, the rich got them, of course. No idylls *now* in the Garden of Eden.

(Continued on page 232)

Current Portraiture in Society

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE LADY JOAN MONTAGU-STUART-WORTLEY

A new portrait of the youngest daughter of the Earl of Wharncliffe. She comes of age this year

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page 230*)

GOOD-LOOKING young Arab bloods with long pigtails to show they're bachelors go wifeless. But one fat old sheik has forty wives and he doesn't know how many sons, and another one hundred wives, who all, by the way, like to show lacy bits wherever possible (which isn't round their faces; they're as covered as the rest's—otherwise !), and go in for high-heeled, bright-coloured satin slippers.

❀ ❀

A PERFECTLY deadly hole, he says it is—that old Garden of Eden there's been so much talk about. "Kurna's supposed to be where Eve fell and—well—all I can say is she must have needed some distraction, poor girl. No one who's ever been in it would need a flaming sword to keep them out. And, by the way, of course you know there weren't any apples really. They were dates. The date-palm's the Tree of Life out here—provides nearly all an Arab needs, and they even feed horses and camels and dogs on them."

❀ ❀

HE's writing quite a long time ago, of course—letters take their time travelling from Mesopotamia in war-time—and before the Bagdad bother, too. But I don't suppose things are better, probably they're not so good now, and he says it's simply miles worse for our men out there than in the trenches in Flanders, "though we fully realise, of course, that our operations are looked on as a sort of a Cook's tour, and we weren't even considered worthy of Princess Mary's last Christmas gift."

THE hardships and sufferings are such as he hopes we could never imagine, even in our wildest dreams of Hell. "There are lots of men in this Force who have come here after eight months in France, and would gladly be back there again. They all agree that conditions there are relatively delightful, and that if one's time has come it's almost preferable to die of gas than of heat, dysentery, or any of the unpleasant courtesies of marauding Arabs, who visit the battle-fields before all the wounded can be dragged to safety."

❀ ❀

OH dear, oh *dear*. . . . It just makes me want to go into the garden and eat *worms*, it does, when I think of all the horrors our splendid men out in these dreadful places are putting up with so cheerfully while we sit comfily at home and dine and dress, and even sometimes dance as usual. But they don't seem to have it up against us, do they?

❀ ❀

"IT's more than a year since I saw an Englishwoman (there are none in the world prettier or more delightful: I know 'cos I've been all over it), and we'd just give our souls to get a glimpse of you," says my poor exiled Garden of Eden one, with a lot of other nice things, only they're rather *too* nice for publication. To which there's only this to say—isn't there?—that *we'd* give a good deal too to have them all safely back again.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

ASKING FOR IT

INQUIRING OLD LADY: "Those ships that have been steaming about all day are warships, are they not?"
SAILOR: "Yes, lady"
INQUIRING OLD LADY: "Do you think they are German warships?"
SAILOR: "No, lady. It must be Switzerland coming into the war"

A King In Exile—

KING NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO ARRIVING AT LYONS

Whither he escaped after the fall of Cettinje. It was at first reported that he had capitulated with his whole army, but the Austrians have since discovered that to bring about the capitulation of Montenegro, and especially of Montenegro's Monarch, is not such a simple affair as they expected

—And a King At Home

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN

At the Flying School at Madrid inspecting a new biplane which is being tested with a view to its adoption for military purposes. The working of the machine is being explained to their Majesties by M. Edmond Audemars, the aviator, who, it may be noted, has put on his best patent-leather cloth-topped boots for the occasion

The Bystander in Copenhagen

LOOKING AT GERMANY

ONE pleasing thing in Business-even - better - than - usual Denmark is that you can see Germany. There is a conterminous frontier. For me this is touching, for I have not seen Germany since August 5, 1914; and Germany is nice to look at—across the frontier. No other land is so placidly flat; nowhere else are sentry-boxes and *Schlagbaume* so neatly painted; nowhere else can you see the Kaiser's army (bits of it); and even—if you are ill-mannered—shout aloud your views of it with impunity.

YOU can go to the German frontier in the main-line Hamburg-Berlin train, which traverses Zeeland and Funen. But anyone who books from Copenhagen to the frontier station, Vamdrup, is questioned by Denmark's police. I went innocently to Aarhus, in Jutland; and then took train—strictly three trains—south. Even at Aarhus Denmark watches. A doubtful traveller who did not know whether he was Dutch or Norwegian was asked for his passport, and after prolonged scrutiny was told to go back.

FROM Aarhus I got to Kolding, which is eight miles from Prussia, and famous as the stopping-place of "sent back" people, who have been refused entry into Prussia. I found at Kolding a Swede, an American, and five unmistakable Prussians who, owing to passport irregularities, were excluded. The Prussians were wroth. They had been stripped naked by their own countrymen. The Swede counselled me not to see Germany from Vamdrup, as views of the frontier there are obstructed by customs' officers, policemen, gendarmes, spies, and beech-woods. The best place to see Germany is on the Königsau River, some miles west.

THE Swede and I reached the Königsau from Lunderskov junction. The Königsau figures in German patriotic rhetoric—*von Königsau bis Königssee*—the Königssee being a lake on the frontier of Salzburg. The Königssee lake is majestic, but the Königsau frontier river is an unclean ditch. We crossed fields, passed a church on the right, and reached the unclean ditch, bordered by beeches and willows. We stared at Germany.

GERMANY is neither good nor bad to look at. Right and left of the beech clumps are marshes. Across the river is a village, Koeben-something; and you can tell that it is Germany by the word "Dairy" in white enamel letters. Between the river and Koeben-something is a patch; and pacing terribly down it is the Kaiser's army. A bit of it: an elderly Landsturm man, in civilian dress, armed with a rifle.

TO see greater war-activity we tramped west to Foldingbro, where the main road into Schleswig-Holstein crosses the ditch. Foldingbro has a respectable bridge; the road on both sides is barred by painted *Schlagbaume*; and on the German side are obliquely striped sentry-boxes, a big, entirely new shed, and a Customs Office. The shed is stripping-place. Behind it is a post, manned by twenty soldiers—again Landsturm. On the Danish side are one sentry, and two policemen. Danes—men and women with baskets—cross the frontier showing short white papers. No one stops them. These Danes have food to sell, and it is not Germany's interest to make difficulties.

FURTHER west, on the way to Jernped village, I saw quite a slice of the Kaiser's army. This country is important, because it is near Esbjerg port; and at Esbjerg port British expeditions are expected to land. From the frontier I saw a squadron of Landsturm cavalry exercising. Crowds of Danes watched. Down the Königsau here three days back floated a corpse in civilian dress and military boots—presumably a deserter shot by a frontier sentry. The German frontier watch is sharp. A certain Fassbender, captain of gendarmes, rides nearly every day across the frontier, complains to the Danish police of spies, smugglers, and small boys who shout insulting remarks; and then rides back. Fassbender is not infallible. He ordered a suspect Danish woman to be undressed and searched. The searchers searched every one of her garments except her hat.

WE drove to Ribe, which is in sight of the North Sea. Having two hours to wait for a train, I again tramped south, and had a last look at Germany. Here there is no river; the peace-time frontier is a chain of stakes. Now there is a continuous wire-net fence with barbed wire on top. Behind it tramped a sentry—again Landsturm—with an impassive face. Small children admired him. The Swede and I went up to the fence; and within two yards of the enemy's land and the enemy, talked English. The sentry walked past; paid no attention; not even a *Gott strafe*. . . .

THE Swede said that when the sentry passed I could jump the fence, jump back before he turned, and tell THE BYSTANDER truthfully that I had been in Germany. Watching the sentry's bayonet, I said that if necessary I should prefer to tell THE BYSTANDER untruthfully.

A Berlin Birthday Gift-Book

„Encyclopædia Germanica"

in 45 vols.

with 1,259 coloured plates of the Kaiser and 10,000 Krupp-steel engravings in the Text.

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WILLIAM, a *Christian* name. Glorified by the All-Highest William II. (see coloured plates on pages 3, 8, 12, 15, 19, 21, 27 31-9 etc, etc, and biography Vols 4-21, also under Bravery, Culture, Wisdom, Honesty)

There have been other Williams, but space prevents their inclusion

A TYPICAL BRITISH SOLDIER

BRITAIN, (formerly Great Britain), a group of islands in the German Ocean. At one time a great Power, but lack of culture and internal decay have reduced it to the level of being allied to France & Russia.

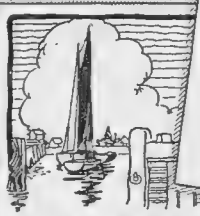
STREET SCENE IN CALCUTTA

INDIA, an Asiatic kingdom, nominally ruled by Britain, but in reality seething with revolt (see *Emden*)

A TYPICAL ITALIAN

ITALY

The most despicable of all European Powers, formerly Allies of Germany They are noted for their underhanded methods and would not consider our secret offers or concessions A race of which anything can be expected (see *Vendetta, Assassins, etc.*)



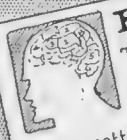
CALAIS,

a small fishing village in N France Not worth the trouble of getting there for cultured Germans The environs are also unhealthy for Germans

FROM A PHOTO SPECIALLY TAKEN IN BELGIUM

BELGIUM,

up to 1914 a small nation, of belligerent inclinations, longing to attack the Father land A great part is now under German rule, and the people are very happy, and becoming more cultured under our benign protection Their King had no idea of the dignity of his position, being content to serve in the trenches with common soldiers- a contrast to our beloved Kaiser



BRAIN.

The Germans have the greatest amount of brain matter, Austrians & Turks a good amount, other nations practically nil (*See Zeppelin, Krupp, etc*)

HEART

The German soldier possesses the softest & warmest heart. This is vouched for by the entire German Medical faculty

A TYPICAL TURK

TURKEY,

One of the most cultured races, very amiable and forgiving, but has been greatly misused, notably in Armenia. They are Allies after our own heart. (*See Iron Cross, van der Goltz, etc*)

POETRY.

The highest form of modern poetry was achieved by Ernst Lissauer in his Hymn of Hate. Other poets were Heine, Schiller, Goethe, etc

KIEL CANAL.

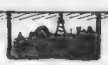
Connecting the Baltic and the German Ocean. Used exclusively for merchant vessels

FRANZ-JOSEPH,

Emperor of Austria A kindly benevolent character. Takes a great interest in his smaller neighbours.

GREY, Sir Edward

Foreign Minister to Britain. The most unscrupulous & scheming politician that ever lived. (*See also Intrigue, Dishonesty, Craft, Hypocrisy, etc.*)



PARIS,

large town in France, of no interest to Germans

Hellier Denselow

Some typical pages from a publication that is now being extensively circulated in the land of Kultur

THE NEAR HEREAFTER

V.—THE FUTURE OF WOMAN

UNDER the stress of war the women of the Empire have been admirable simply because they have been themselves. (The German women have been even more admirable, but that is for the reason that they have been better trained.) In the presence of a supreme tragedy our women have turned instinctively to their real nature, and have been true to it. Never have they been so splendidly free from cant, hysteria, and artificiality. Even when a few of them donned khaki they merely proved that they were most womanly when they tried to be least so.

BUT Woman's nature is, of course, various, and we have had every variety of it—when expressed in energy. The shirt-sewers, sock-knitters, canteen-runners were certain to come. Munition-making, on the other hand, was a picturesque surprise which seemed to beckon our women very near to the battle-field. Then there were the useful light industries where women filled up the places vacated by men. All that was excellent.

BUT there is another type which may, by women, have been condemned as the slacker's type. If it seriously needs a defence, it shall have one from me. I make my stand for the bright, jolly, and bewitchingly frivolous. It was ever the nature of these dear little things to give men a good time, and they still "carry on." They still dance the night through, and are as merry as crickets in the morning. And never before were they so priceless. The men who find hell in the field or on the sea simply *must* have the very top-note at home. They want something to look forward to and something to remember. They want dancing eyes to come back to, and they get them. So never again let anyone say a word against the invaluable "Buck-Me-Up" Brigade.

WELL, what is to be the future of Woman generally after the war? Some people seem to regard her as a kind of Yellow Peril which will sweep down on mere Man and filch from him his work and wage. I regard this as an idiotic anticipation. Woman after the war will be very much what she was before the war—only more so. She will be more dependent on men than ever and more anxious to find favour with them, if only for the reason that she will be more numerous and they will be fewer. As for masculine imitation, it will be as unpopular as it will be futile.

THE more dominant a man is, the more womanly he insists on his women being. The men who do come back from Flanders or Mesopotamia or the North Pole, or wherever we send them, will be more masterful than when they left us. And because they are masterful they will want women who are tender. They will only have a thought for womanly women. They will need women as lovers, and not as lecturers. They will have quite a bookful of horrors to forget, and they will want hot kisses, loving arms, and gentle voices to help them to do it.

WE shall still have a sisterhood of revolt, no doubt, but it will be small, if noisy, and no one will bother about it. A girl with a baby in her arms will count for more than all the speech-makers. Motherhood will be the ideal, as well as the necessity, and nature will triumph over nastiness. The woman who gives love to her husband and children to her country will become the national model. She will have a multitude of followers.

THE war will put an end to the folly of higher education for women. Little more than the Three R's will be quite enough. Health and cheerfulness will be the modern things, and good cooking *in all classes* will be essential. Instead of pale, tired students (poor things), we shall have a race of jolly, light-hearted, bouncing girls. The life of woman in the future will be more an affair of the heart than the head.

AS to the present invasion by women into the realm of men's work, there is no cause for concern at all. In a variety of employments before the war, work was done by men that should have been done by women. The presence of strong fellows behind counters, simpering over gloves and lace and what not was a scandal that must never recur. In most trades the shop *man* must be made extinct.

IT is one thing for women to do manual labour during a crisis; it is another for them to sustain the strain during a working life. We can leave all that to Mother Nature. What they can undertake and what they cannot will be admirably and finally determined by their physical capacity. Certainly, the things they can do they should keep on doing; and Man, the stronger worker, should be advanced to tasks of a higher productive value than before. If we are to reap industrial advantages we must have intensified industrial efficiency.

TO my mind (but, of course, I write only as an individual, and in no way proclaim the views of THE BYSTANDER), far graver are the social questions which centre on the surplusage of women over men. And, of course, it is only one phase of the urgent problem of Waste. There is waste of energy and life-force just as there is waste of the products of energy and life-force. With the latter we are just beginning to concern ourselves, and quite characteristically we ignore the former, which is the root-problem. We are very anxious about the latter, because we are threatened with a shortage of goods *for the moment*. If we continue to ignore the former we shall be put on half-rations for all time, since we shall be short of the workers, who alone can produce and satisfy our needs.

Popular Wife of a Soldier Peer

Photograph *Rita Martin*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF LADY CHESHAM

The first which she has had taken since her marriage in August last. She was formerly Miss Margot Mills, daughter of Mr. J. L. Mills, of Tansor Court, Oundle, and her husband is a lieutenant in the 10th Hussars

"Somewhere in Flanders"

EXPLOITS DENTAL AND AERIAL BY "JACK JOHNSON"

My Dear Bystander—

Life holds out but few enticements at the moment, for a great tribulation has fallen upon me, and even as I write I languish beneath a series of ruthless assignations with the military field dentist, the thought of which shakes me to the core.

⁂ ⁂

It started at 7 p.m., and by 8.30 I had managed to conquer my fear, and was in full pursuit of the perambulating *poilu*, whose gratifying mission it is to wander about the sector at all hours of the day and night and relieve suffering soldiery of superfluous molars.

⁂ ⁂

After numerous frantic inquiries I eventually ran him to ground in a decayed hen-house near the cross-roads, a good two miles behind the trenches, where I watched him extracting the teeth from a Herculean Zouave with a celerity prompted not a little by the assortment of missiles which dissolved with depressing regularity all around the premises.

⁂ ⁂

There was no time for more, it seemed, and the next stop was at ——, about three miles away, but if I would accompany him thither in a farm cart which he had had placed at his disposal I should figure first upon the list of waiting victims. So we started off for —— in the dark, but we hadn't gone far before the off-side wheel of the cart disappeared suddenly down a shell-hole, and the next thing that happened was the sudden impingement of the complete dental outfit with some little violence upon the centre of the roadway. But the damage, to my keen disappointment, was not serious, and after picking up the *impedimenta* we adjourned to the stables of a neighbouring *château*, temporarily transformed into a hospital, where I resigned myself to all the horrors of a dental campaign.

⁂ ⁂

And as he *strafed* he entertained me with his exploits. I learned how on one occasion a splinter of shell knocked the forceps half way down the patient's throat, on another occasion when descending with his bag of tricks from the top of an observation tower, where he had been dallying with a nerve case, he got the grinder-machine securely wedged in the narrow winding staircase, and was eventually obliged to file the stand off before he could get the infernal thing released.

⁂ ⁂

And, again, how a German prisoner was brought to him one day with a go of roaring toothache, and the struggle he had with the Evil One to resist the inclination to keep the grinder on the tooth longer than was absolutely necessary! "*Ah! mon lieutenant, comme le Diable m'a tenté ce jour-là!*" Indeed, I was really quite sorry when the time arrived for me to go.

⁂ ⁂

DINNER-TIME!
By Second-Lieut. C. E. B. Bernard

To the Germans war is a science, and not a sport, and in view of this sinister maxim it is refreshing to find that the German Flying Corps have a spirit of chivalry which is all their own, for it is this arm of the German machine which initiated the thoughtful practice of delivering letters in our lines from the British aviators who have been taken prisoners, thus relieving their relations of all anxiety concerning their fate. It is a graceful act on the part of the Germans, and it is a pity to think that a want of tact in carrying out this delicate operation may—for such is human nature—give rise to a spirit of irritation where gratitude should predominate. A case in point occurred last week.

⁂ ⁂

No. X. Squadron had moved from A—— to B——, and everything was as secret as secret could be. They left in the darkness, and they arrived in the dark. Night gave way to day, and in the first faint flush of dawn an albatross flew overhead and dropped a couple of letters. One was from a British prisoner, and the other bore the inscription, "Welcome, No. X. Squadron! We are all delighted to see you!"

Yours ever,
Jack Johnson

WEEKLY HUMOURS FROM THE FRONT

Trouble With One of the Souvenirs

"'Old these a minute while I takes that blinkin' smile off 'is dial"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

The Bystander in Paris

HOW TO ORDER A DINNER

THE severe ascetic, with the perfectly clean-shaven face, bowed with dignity. "Messieurs," he said. Long years of dining out in public places have not cured me of my awe of the head waiter. He knows so much about essentials, doesn't he? But my companion, who was my host in himself that evening, has a bluff and hearty manner with him, and he said "Bongswor" to the head-waiter without any self-consciousness at all. He had explained to me previously that he believed in knowing French, he was a man of the world, he was, and had learned early in life that every Englishman ought to speak foreign languages. In fact, he knew his way about, *he* did.

❋

So we were particular about our choice of tables, and we had the screen that kept the draught out put just so, and he produced tortoiseshell-rimmed *pince-nez* to look at the bill of fare—I should say, the meanyou. Then, while I pretended not to hear him, he said, "Er—ongvoyez le oter garçon d'hôtel qui sait ker jaime." The head-waiter moved off to send us the waiter who knew what he liked, without showing even the flicker of a smile. I felt the greatest respect for that man.

❋

Before the G.D.H.Q.S.K.J. came, my host explained to me that there was more art in ordering a dinner than most people thought. Also, he believed in dining at restaurants where the real French people went. "Oysters," my friend said—"I beg your pardon—ei—pardong—weeters, demi dozen shack," and he looked up through those glasses of his over the top of the meanyou, as one who would say, "I've laid *one* egg, at all events." Then he read the bill of fare aloud, and the waiter gave rapid *sotto voce* advice as he read. He paid no attention except to murmur "Nong, paddy poison," once or twice, and it was really very creditable to the waiter that he realised that he wanted no fish. But he was a very skilful waiter altogether. He caught my eye quite early in the proceedings, and when I frowned at him he would steer my host out of the choice of unknown dishes of had-been remnants with poetic names with marvellous ability. Of course, he couldn't do everything, though.

❋

So after the oysters we were sentenced to a Russian dish which had been something else before it was eaten cold, was then hashed, kept for a week, and smothered in a sort of sauce piquante. It was quite all right, though, because I had managed to secure a sandwich before dinner, in case of accidents. After the Lordxnosewotski, Sauce Shrapnel, we had two kinds of vegetables. We didn't have them because we wanted two kinds, but because my host (who knows how to order a dinner, *he* does) didn't recognise the second one under a French name. The waiter nimbly prevented him from ordering *variés* for dessert, and he asked me what I fancied. "Oh, nous verrons après," I said. And he said that he had had a dish of them at the Carlton in London last week, and had rather liked them. Kind of man to enjoy *sotto voce* on toast at an Italian restaurant!

❋

During dinner, he explained what a mistake it was to let the waiter select your food for you. Fortunately, however, he trusted the cellarman, his purse was a long one, and both the wines and what he kittenishly called the "pussy caffy" were very good indeed.

❋

It's a curious thing that everybody makes a point, however modest otherwise, of taking a peculiar pride in his knowledge of restaurant food and his capacity for ordering it. The man with whom I dined is quite a sane and quite a clever business man of middle-age. He plays the banjo, certainly, but everybody can't be perfect. Now, that man would only laugh if he were told that he played the banjo badly. He would only shrug his shoulders if he were utterly disagreed with in a political argument. I believe even that one could laugh at his French without annoying him particularly, but it would be a dangerous thing even to hint that what he doesn't know about ordering a dinner isn't worth knowing. He chose my cigar for me, though he doesn't smoke himself. That rather describes the man, doesn't it?

❋

Why do all Englishmen believe that they, and they only, know how to order a dinner when they come to Paris? In London the same Englishmen will sit down contentedly to what most of them call a "tabble dot," and will thoroughly enjoy it, if the champagne be sufficiently iced and expensive enough. But when these men come to Paris they want to show they know, you know.

❋

May I suggest to the many visitors who will be coming to Paris presently that the things to order in a first-class restaurant are usually the things whose names are recognisable. If you see something you don't know on the bill of fare, skip it. It may be tooth-picks or an advertisement (a friend of mine once ordered Poulies Hydrauliques, believing them to be some sort of chicken), and it's almost certain to be something you won't like when you get it. If you feel adventurous and in a gambling mood, shut your eyes, point to something on the bill, open your eyes again, look sternly at the waiter (*don't* call him *garçon*), and, in an offhand way, remark, "Bon ça?" He will talk for three minutes, and you nod your head. I venture on this advice because, of course, when it comes to ordering a dinner at a restaurant, I flatter myself that I. . . . Oh—ah—er—yes. John N. Raphael

Necessarily but Benevolently Neutral

PRINCE ANDREW AND PRINCESS ALICE OF GREECE

Photographed at Salonica, where the Prince, who commands a cavalry regiment, was appointed by King Constantine to supervise the evacuation of the town by the Greek Army when it was finally taken over by the Allies. He is now on the frontier with the Greek Army watching the course of events, and his wife, who is of English birth, being a daughter of Prince Louis of Battenburg, is with him

Things that don't Matter

BY "QUIDNUNC"

I QUOTE from a Birth column. "To the wife of —— a son. Another Derby Recruit." How nicely the husband takes it, to be sure. But is not poor Lord Derby getting more credit than he deserves?

⁂ ⁂

OF course, they do say that he is to be our new War Minister. There is no reason why he should be, and there are many why he should not. As K. of K. will admit, it is one thing to raise armies and quite another to run them.

⁂ ⁂

I BELIEVE that the selection of Lord Derby would be deplorable. He is intensely patriotic and self-sacrificing, and if he were deceived into believing that he was "the best possible" he would take it. Frankly, he would be out of his element, and his work has been so fine that he should be spared to continue successes within his limitations.

⁂ ⁂

BUT K. of K. has not gone yet, and has his own ideas on the subject. They say that he twice refused the most pressing offers of India. And quite right, too. K. of K. is not as young as he was, and he might welcome an easy time.

⁂ ⁂

BUT watch the War Office. Things are moving, and some of the brass-hats will move with them. We have just an outside chance of being reasonably efficient when the war is over.

⁂ ⁂

ON January 31 the Party Truce was to have been ended. But it will not be. Both Party machines are in peril (no one seems to like them except those who do quite nicely out of them), and both Parties, so far as the officials go, will join hands to repel the invaders.

⁂ ⁂

ELECTIONS will be "arranged," jobs will be distributed equally; it may even be that the Party treasuries may be pooled. And this will only make the ultimate destruction surer and more complete.

⁂ ⁂

JANUARY 31, which is the last day of the possible legal life of the Government, releases all candidates who had pledged themselves to constituencies. They are tumbling out by the score. Recent preposterous selections for "squared" seats have put the lid on to their disgust.

⁂ ⁂

THE country wants brains and the best men, but the Parties still scream for cash and incompetence. Insolent Whips and cheap-jack Ministers would be "up against it," and *will be* when the right men rush the trenches.

⁂ ⁂

A SHIPPING friend who is *not* a shipowner assures me that the shortage of ships is all bunkum. The tonnage which the Government has taken over is, he insists, ridiculously "controlled." (He sits by me now and desires me to quote "controlled.") And what about the German ships which we allow to lie idle? There is a terrible case against some shipowners, and an even worse one against the Government.

⁂ ⁂

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY has an eye for the main chance. He would float a Party as lightheartedly as he would float a company if he could. Let it be remembered that there is no man living (saving, perhaps, poor Colonel Maude) who has been more hopelessly wrong about everything since the war began than Horatio.

PASSENGER (*whose foot has been trodden on*): "You are very clumsy with your feet, Conductor"

TRAMCAR CONDUCTOR: "What d'y' expect for a 'alfpenny a mile—Pavlover?"

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In and Out (II.)

THAT FIRST HALF-HOUR AFTER "COMING OUT" OF THOSE SAME TRENCHES

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A Lass of Alaska and Her English Lover

IN A STIRRING PLAY OF THE WILD NORTH-WEST

Photograph *Weather and Buys*

MISS MADGE TITHERADGE AND MR. BASIL GILL

In "Tiger's Cub," the new Transatlantic Play by a British author, which was successfully produced at the Garrick Theatre on Saturday week. Miss Titheradge plays the name part and Mr. Gill that of her English lover, who saves her in the approved style from the machinations of a gang of rascals

TENDER MERCIES

BY "EFFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

We have all heard of the tender mercies of the wicked. There may be such things—doubtless there are; but I have never come into contact with them. The tender mercies of the good, or the would-be good, are quite another matter. Quite extraordinary crops of them have flourished in our midst since the beginning of the war. Most of them are useful, some can only be described as the occupation of chasing one's tail—if in these short-coated days one can be said to have such a thing as a tail to chase. But all these "works of bigotry and virtue," whether useful or not, have their humorous side. A merciful dispensation, for who could endure a lengthy course of well-doing with nothing to enliven it? Few of us are fanatic to that extent.

I wonder if certain of our charitable workers could not be induced to publish their reminiscences? What a contribution to the joy of nations some of these would make. Notes relating to canteen work, for instance. Not so very long ago a smart and most respectable matron was, in the course of her ministrations, hailed by a Tommy as follows:

"I've seen you before, dearie."

"Oh?" said the lady.

"Yes, dearie, I've seen you before."

"Where?"

"In the Mitcham 'Igh Street, last Saturday night."

On another occasion a sailor rolled into the canteen and demanded rum. "I'm afraid you can't get it here," she replied.

"Mother," said he, "I want s'me rum."

"Not here," she repeated. "You can have cocoa or tea or coffee. No rum here; this is teetotal." The thirsty one leant heavily against the counter and declared with hurt emphasis:

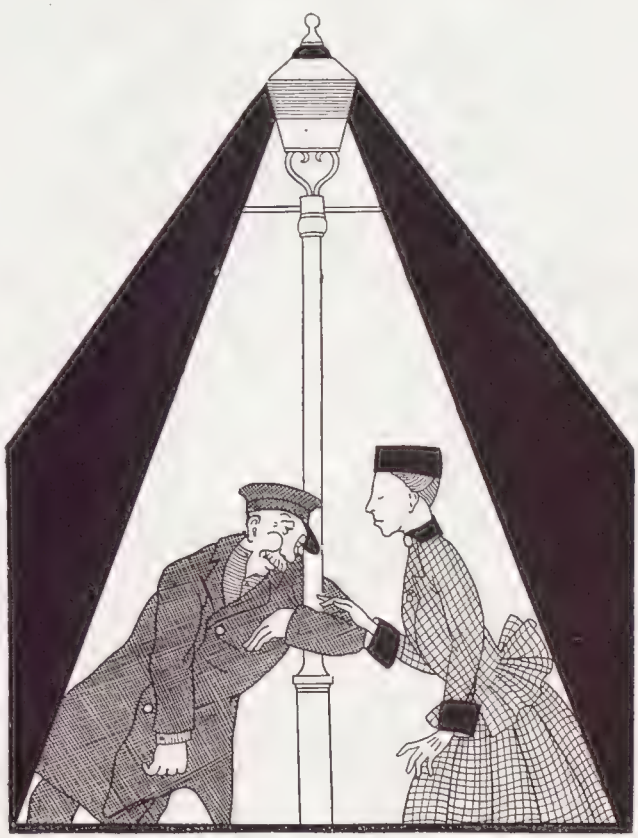
"So'm I teetotal. Want s'me rum."

Again, there is the sad and true adventure of the elderly spinster on her way home from the canteen at night. She saw a forlorn Tommy weaving a precarious way along the street, and flew to his assistance.

"Come with me," she begged. "Just come with me and you'll be all right." He shook off her arm indignantly.

"I'm not a-coming along with you. You don't catch me that way. I'm an honest man, I am. . . . I promised the missus I'd keep straight, and I have. . . . Come along with you? *I don't think!*"

It only goes to show that however righteous one's intentions, the exercise of friendly solicitude may lay one open to misconception.



"Come along with you? I don't think"

As for the various depôts and relief funds, their humours are legion. The would-be helpers are a host in themselves. Picture the zealous lady announced as an expert needlewoman who, on being questioned as to her abilities, admitted that she had never so much as sewn on a hook and eye. "But," she added, triumphantly, "I once embroidered 'God Bless Our Home' in cross-stitch on canvas, and everybody said it was lovely."

The applicants for made-over clothes are a source of gentle humour. I have in mind the good lady

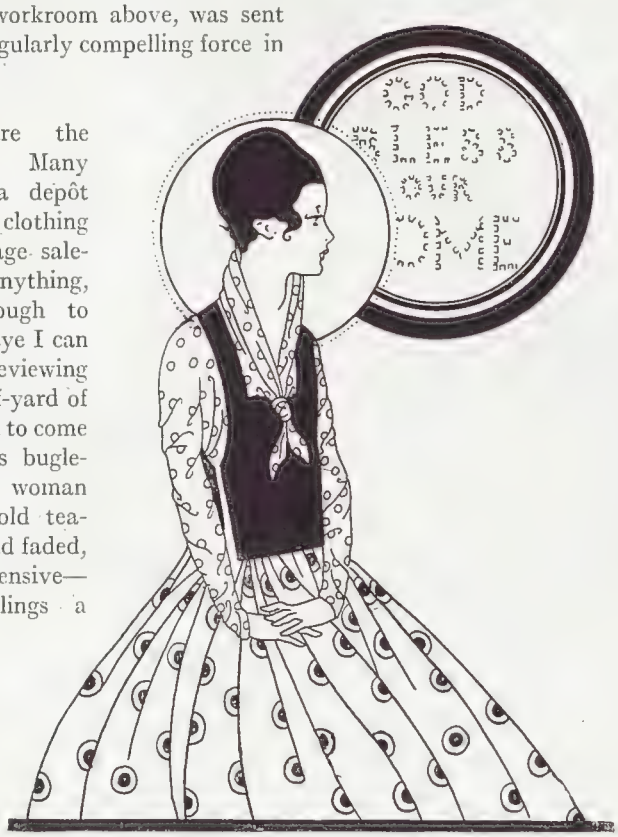
(Continued on page 248)

THE VISION FEMININE *(concluded from page 247)*

who arrived early one morning at a depôt and requested a particular kind of shirt—of which, it may be said, she stood obviously in need. None of that sort was in readiness. "Very well," said she, "I will wait." And wait she did, ensconced in the lobby until five o'clock in the afternoon, when the required garment, concocted in haste in a workroom above, was sent down to her. There is a singularly compelling force in masterly inactivity.

❀ ❀

But contributions are the chief source of joy. Many people seem to regard a depôt for the distribution of clothing as a sort of glorious rummage sale-cum-old-clo' dealer. Anything, apparently, is good enough to give away. In my mind's eye I can see well-meaning ladies reviewing their possessions. "A half-yard of old curtain lace—that ought to come in somehow. Aunt Eliza's bugle-trimmed cape—some poor woman might be glad of it. My old tea-gown; it's torn, of course, and faded, but the trimming was expensive—why I paid twelve shillings a yard for it when it was new. Jane's last year's summer hat: a bit battered, but they could probably freshen it up." And in go the lace, the cape, the teagown, the hat, and a dozen other perfectly useless objects.



"I once embroidered 'God Bless Our Home' in cross-stitch on canvas, and everybody said it was lovely"

❀ ❀

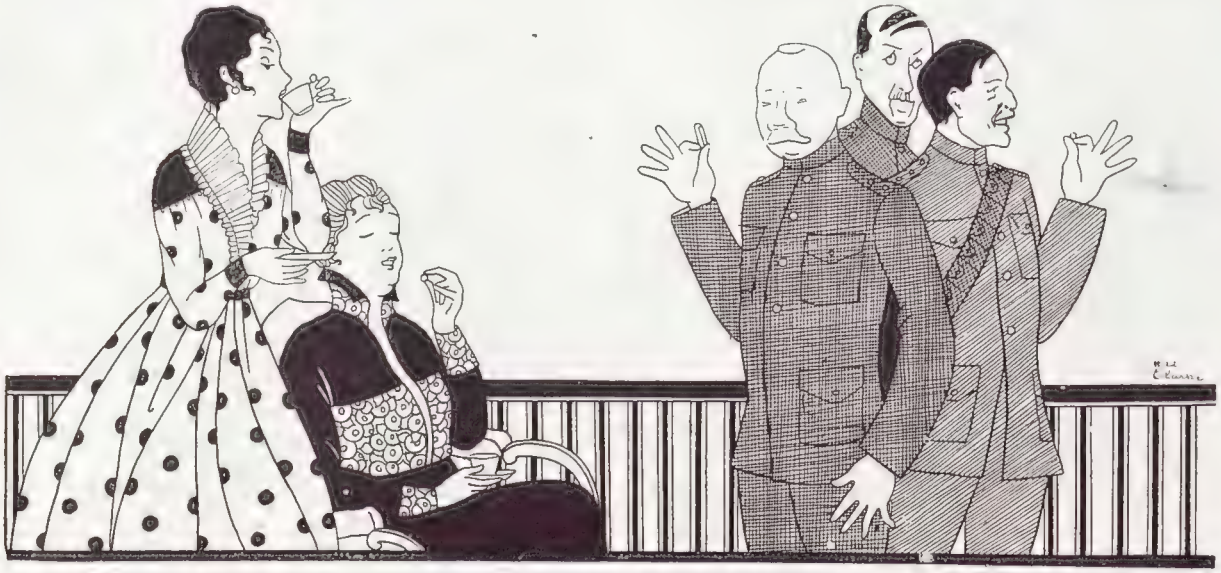
What use could an indignant officer's family or Belgian refugee, or any other denuded female possibly make of an ancient ball-gown of extravagant cut and striking material? Of what good is any garment falling into disreputable rags, however expensive originally? Can anyone imagine the state of mind of the lady who contributed three half-worn boots, number three's—all for the left foot?

Still, it is amazing what can be done with apparently the least promising of material. Two frocks, hopeless singly, are thrown into one; old silk evening dresses are used to re-line coats. Top-hats—what could be, on the surface, more unpromising than a plethora of top-hats? But even here the spirit of ingenuity triumphs: they are turned into bedroom slippers for convalescents.

❀ ❀

Still, ingenuity in the worker does not excuse the foolish contributor. Lack of common sense or, if you will, of understanding, destroys the best of intentions. What of the amiable ladies who devote themselves and their conveyances to taking wounded Tommies for an airing? Only the other day I witnessed a most depressing sight: a large motor-car rolled past me containing one prim, elderly woman, two young, smart ones, and smothered in their midst two miserable Tommies. Why not let the lads enjoy themselves in their own fashion, alone with the chauffeur, and others of their kind? Again, at a fashionable tea-room, a group of miserable woundeds, partaking of tea in cups the size of a thimble, trying to stay their manly appetites on tiny iced cakes and cress sandwiches! Who was it said that women have no sense of humour? He may have been right, or——. But no, that is unthinkable.

EFEMERA



"Trying to stay their manly appetites on tiny iced cakes and cress sandwiches"

The Lighter Side of Darker London

SHE : "Sorry!"
HE : "Delighted!!"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

Farce at The Playhouse. Comedy at His Majesty's

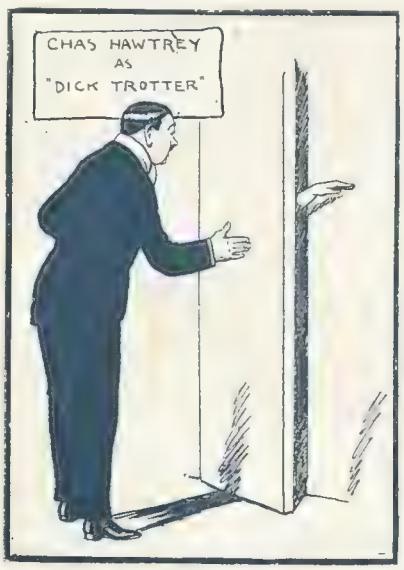
BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW.

"PLEASE HELP EMILY"
At The Playhouse

It is not quite certain that Emily needs any help from us. As a member of the self-help brigade, Emily would easily top the bill. She is the daughter of a staid professor of economics, and resides with her uncle, who is an equally staid Judge of the High Court. Consequently on her way home from a notorious Night Club, one Sunday morning, Emily thinks it would not be very nice of her to be seen in her fluffy evening clothes at an hour when well-ordered people are preparing for church. She is probably correct.

Emily, therefore, calls at the flat of Richard Trotter, a friend of the family, known jovially as "Trotty." She brings with her as escort a gentleman whose acquaintance she has made at the night club above-mentioned, and to whom she jestingly remarks that she believes he took her for a "*demi*." What? As it happens, the gentleman is American, and so Emily has, of course, no need to be afraid of him. On being admitted to the flat she is informed by "Trotty's" man that "Trotty" had to run out early, and has not come back yet. So Emily wonders whether she will turn into "Trotty's" bed for a brief rest, or have a bath instead. She decides on the bath, and pitches her stockings through the door, apparently as evidence that she has got that far on her road, anyway.

About this time "Trotty" returns, and we observe that he is in evening-dress, a detail which points to the unmistakable fact that he, too, has been out all night. He is quite clear-headed—although much might be forgiven a man who comes back home to find his bed—and even his pyjamas—commandeered by a very innocent lady friend. The innocence is to be insisted upon because there would be no fun in the play if there were the slightest suggestion that Emily was a designing creature of an undesirable kind. It is only her excessive guilelessness that prompts her suggestion that "Trotty" should run over to Ostend with her as she wants to proceed from there to Brussels to see a sick aunt, and doesn't like to go all the way without a chaperon, as it were.



EMILY SHOWS HER HAND

In the second act we see the young people at the Hôtel de la Plage, Ostend, having breakfast on the Terrace as unconcernedly as though their proceeding were quite regular in every way. (As a matter of fact, I had heard that the Germans were in Ostend just now, and that it was, consequently, closed to English visitors; but clearly we must not believe all we read in the papers.) Shortly after breakfast, the sick aunt arrives from Brussels, and denies that she was ever in any but the best of health, and as this delightfully domineering lady is represented by Miss Lottie Venne, it can easily be understood that the fun of the scene is both rare and rich. The first two acts are quite the best; but the play is light and bright throughout, and at the finish we find Emily's over-boldness more or less justified by the peculiar circumstances of the case. Miss Gladys Cooper is, naturally, charming as the erratic Emily; and Mr. Charles Hawtrey makes "Trotty" an amusing and very human creature.

"MRS. PRETTY AND THE PREMIER"
At His Majesty's

This is a play about Australian politics. The chief character is the Right Hon. William Power, usually addressed with a somewhat unusual lack of formality as "Bill," in spite of the fact that he is "Premier of the Labour Party." "Bill" is a self-made man, who is not in the habit of allowing anything to interfere with his cut-and-dried plans. As an Emperor he would have been intolerably autocratic; as Labour Premier he is always more or less in fear of the adverse vote. Among the crowd of office-seekers who surround him and clamour for sinecures is a young man who has been appointed as clerk in one of the Government establishments. Shortly after his appointment has been ratified, it is discovered that the young man can neither read nor write—a condition which is something of a handicap in the performance of clerical work. "Bill's" only comment on the situation is that as his nominee has been appointed, his chiefs must just teach him to read and write, and that's all there is to it.

It seems that the Premier's antechamber is crowded with would-be interviewers, most of whom are admitted to the august presence. The exception is—woman. By that

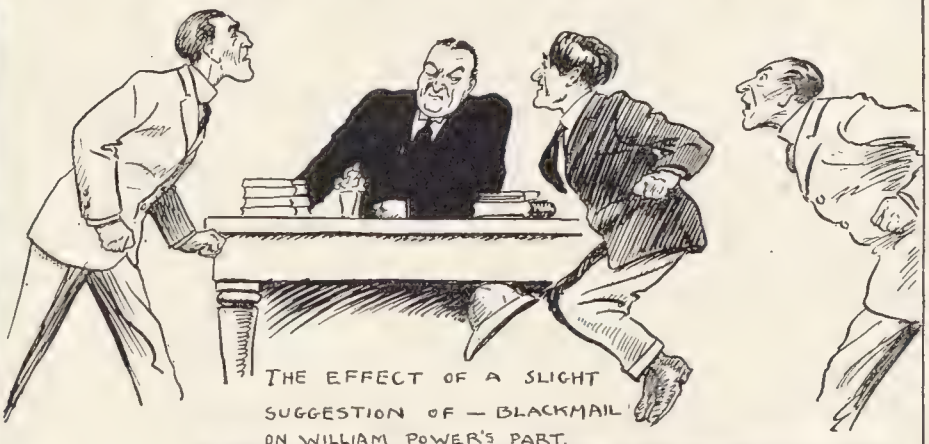
(*Continued on page 252*)

Politics and the Tender Passion

"MRS PRETTY AND THE PREMIER"

AT HIS MAJESTY'S

MRS PRETTY – MISS KYRLE BELLEW



THE EFFECT OF A SLIGHT SUGGESTION OF – BLACKMAIL ON WILLIAM POWER'S PART.

WILL POWER GETS EXPERT ADVICE ON PROPOSALS

MRS PRETTY MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE

BILL POWER (ARTHUR BOURCHIER) SCORES IN THE SECOND ACT

"WOODROW" NOTES:— A CHANGE IN POWER'S NEUTRALITY.

N M.

This is a lively comedy of Australian politics, which appear to be conducted in a rather more homely fashion than our own. The play demonstrates among other things the absurdity of trying to escape from the toils of a pretty widow bent on acquiring a "second"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 250)

sin Adam fell, and "Bill" isn't going to take any chances. He was working till two o'clock one morning in his room at Parliament House, and was just closing up when he heard a noise behind a screen. Investigation proved that there was a—woman there! She had come a long way to interview the Premier, and, tired of waiting for him, had fallen asleep in the holy of holies. At that hour of the morning there was nothing to do but to bow her politely off the premises, and ask her to call again at a more reasonable time.

⁂

It happened, however, that a reporter of a "gutter journal" was passing the Parliament House at the time, and went back to his office with the glorious news that he had evidence of a scandalous intrigue in which the Premier was concerned. The Opposition party was promptly informed, the idea being that there was enough evidence to turn out the Government and put the Have-nots in the coveted position of the Haves. And in describing any kind of Government as the "Haves," I fully appreciate the elasticity of the English language. When the news comes to "Bill's" ears, he tries to extricate himself from the dilemma by telling the simple truth. As if any newspaper would recognise that sort of thing if it saw it! As the truth does not go down at all well, "Bill" just lies about the circumstance. He says that although he is supposed to be a single man, the lady was really his wife.

⁂

The result of this very magnificent falsehood is that "Bill" has to find out the lady in question and marry her. There are one or two difficulties in the way, not the least of them being the fact that the lady in the case happens to be engaged to be married to the Leader of the Opposition. But to self-made men of "Bill's" type nothing is impossible. The play afforded a fine opportunity for Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Kyrle Bellew, both of whom rose to the occasion handsomely, and were brilliant and interesting. This is a play to see.

JINGLE

Photograph] MISS HETTY KING [*Wrather and Buys*

Who, as the bright particular star of the popular revue, "Oh! La La!" at the Queen's Theatre, has "made good" as a revue artiste of the highest altitude. Whether as a girl or a boy, she plays with equal distinction, and her songs have become quite famous

A Neglected Industry

Much more should certainly be done with Gramophone Records. The Lord Mayor of London is issuing an appeal to the young men of the United Kingdom through the medium of Gramophone Records, which will be sent to the principal recruiting offices throughout the country, and our artist has suggested some other ways in which the gramophone might be utilised

Keeping the Home Fires Burning

THE MAN FROM THE TRENCHES (to the Man from the North Sea): "What a bloomin' cheerful country to lie awake at night for!"

FLUMMUXED!

BY RONALD FRANKAU

"Why this deep thought? Am I boring you?"

DICKY and I were pals. I liked him because he was young and had a sense of humour. He reciprocated because I so obviously sympathised with these characteristics. Dicky was large, loose-limbed, and ugly; but a charming expression and a wonderful smile saved him, and presumably won the lady. He told me all about it when we were back in billets. Of course, I had heard most of it before. He had told nearly every member of the mess in strict confidence. He had even told Franks, the most tactless and loud-voiced provincial who ever became member of a respectable officers' mess. I think Dicky feared I would laugh at him, deride his youth, proud of my three years' seniority. Her name was Miss Darcy—but he referred to her as Bunny. He informed me that he had known her for years, but that the war had, in some inconceivable way, ripened the platonic friendship into love. He was not quite sure of the colour of her eyes, but they were beautiful, he thought her hands were small and white, and he was almost certain that her nose was *retroussé*. (Except for "souvenir," I think this was the only French word he knew.) Of one thing he had no doubt whatever. He loved her, and she loved him. "As a matter of fact, Frank," he confided, "I've told this to rather a lot of fellows. I'm so damned garrulous. But what I haven't told anybody yet is that I am secretly engaged to her. D'you know she's . . . ." and he began his vague description all over again. I was rather proud of my own acquaintanceship with love. I had two chorus girls, one typist, and a perfectly wonderful manicurist on my list of correspondents. I had once, on an eventful occasion, kissed a lady, who had never been kissed before "except by relations," she informed me. The fact that she was a pasty-faced maiden of thirty-five, with a distinct growth on her upper lip, did not at the time curb my self-satisfaction.

And so I lectured Dicky. I told him of the pitfalls of infatuation—prated of calf-love and passion. I cajoled, mocked, and lost my temper. For I liked Dicky. It left him unmoved, so I congratulated him, and I still do.

Dicky was mad to get a "blighty" wound, which is the army vernacular for a wound which takes one back to England. It was, however, I who "copped" it. A week later, five o'clock and dusk. Fritz was *strafing* us rather nastily. I was walking down the fire-trench, seeing that each man was at his fire-step. The fact that *they* were merely making obscene remarks about Fritz's accuracy and that *I* was in an awful funk did not strike me as humorous at the time. "Sausages" demoralise me always. My best Corporal was carried by, groaning terribly. I hated that. His pal was asking the nearly unconscious man to hurry up and get back. He had tears in his eyes, and all his expressed sentiments were prefaced by blasphemous epithets. He was only a lance-corporal, but at that moment I vowed to myself that he should have another stripe. Alas! it was not to be.

A whiz-bang is not a pleasant shell to encounter. To begin with, it is noisy, and to continue with, it is very dangerous. Besides, it just arrives without giving one any warning of its approach. The name is entirely onomatopœic. I hardly felt the pain in my shoulder at first, and I have wondered since whether I ever should have if they had not probed it about so. But my hand took a decidedly funny shape. The fingers seemed to curl round in a peculiar way. I stood looking at them for a moment, half-amused, half frightened. Then I realised I was hit. Yelling "Iodine, quickly," at the top of my voice, I rushed to the "medical dug-out," as we called it. Having dutifully fainted and come to with some totally inappropriate words about going to the "Empire" on Saturday night, I discovered that the M.O. was injecting something into the wrong arm. This I told

(*Continued on page 256*)

"I heard that they had not had an officer casualty for two days"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (continued from page 255)

him in the politest terms I could ever muster at the Front. He murmured something sarcastic about lock-jaw. I thought he meant me to shut up, so I fainted again. Afterwards I discovered it was tetanus serum he had pumped into me. It's quite a habit out there to inject this preventive against lockjaw on the smallest provocation. It made me ill for days. I came to for the second time when they were bumping me round a corner in a communication trench on my way to the back of the front. But it was at the dressing station that I realised for the first time that I had a nice little shoulder wound, which would take me back to England, home, and girls. Suddenly I remembered all the chemical preparations, morphia, etc., which I had had foisted upon me as I left the

"To us entered the daughter"

Old Country. What a waste! "Might I have some now?" I was told by a red-nosed comedian with blue lips that that was for the doctor to decide, not for him, "as was only a Red Cross orderly." He seemed quite annoyed, and I realised, with grim satisfaction at my sense of humour coming back, that he had named himself most appropriately a Red Cross orderly. I never got any morphia. At Blankie, about eight miles behind the line, I first came in contact with that wonderful person, a sister. I'd sooner argue with a Brigadier than a sister, any day of the week. Two of them and a large-handed orderly tore off my blood-stained clothes, lately purchased at enormous cost of money, time, and field message paper, from a big firm in the west end of the west end. They then bustled me into pyjamas and sheets. Oh, how I loved those sheets! Afterwards they each took my temperature when the other wasn't looking. I think it was in an excess of zeal. (I heard that they had not had an officer casualty for two days.) The only other occupants of the "ward" were a war-worn Colonel of the R.F.A. groaning in the agony of imaginary rheumatism, a Captain with jaundice, and a cyclist officer with a sprained ankle and any amount of facetious remarks with which to keep me awake. In all justice, I will say that he only contributed a share to this feat. Every time I had just dozed off, the nurses would insist on alternately coming up to me. "Was I comfortable? Would I like some beef tea?" etc. They didn't get much conversation out of me so, as a revenge, I suppose, they both took my temperature again. Finally, when I was settling down to a real sleep, the doctor arrived. Then the excitement began. A crowd seemed to assemble round the bed. Both the orderlies, the two nurses, and a spare doctor, watched me writhe as the artist "cleaned out" my wound and carefully placed a rubber tube in it so that it should not heal up too soon. At least that is what I thought at the time. And so I was left to a throbbing night of snatched sleeps.

Next day I travelled. The journey from Blankie through Amiens to Rouen should take four hours. It took fifteen. There were three other occupants of my carriage from other parts of the line. Mine was the cushiest wound of the three, so I was comparatively happy. We arrived at Rouen at 3 a.m. Here I was wonderfully looked after, and, after a couple of days, placed on a boat bound for England. Unfortunately, it was a rough passage, and the poor orderlies, who had had no sea experience before the war, were even sicker than the sick. Southampton and finally London. I was labelled for a titled lady's home, and having been carried in to what was once, I suppose, the dining-room, but had now become the "Robert Ward," in memory of a pet pom, I said goodbye to a stretcher for ever, I hope. It didn't take me long to get fit now. Whether it was the excellent nursing, the zealous matron, the pretty and industrious V.A.D.'s, the Sunday service and prayers for my and others' speedy recoveries, or the fact that I wanted to get up and about, I do not know. I was only there two weeks before my first Board. During the fortnight I had received an incoherent epistle from Dicky. "Would I go and see *her*? I must on no account whatever show that I knew that he was engaged to her. I was to just treat her as if I only knew that she was a friend of his." He was "very keen about this," as he feared she might get "rather ratty" if she thought that he had "jawed about" what he had so strictly forbidden her to do. It seemed that parental interference was likely to block the course of true love. He begged me in a super-underlined P.S. to promise

(Continued on page 258)

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CONTENTS:

FOREWORD, BY EDITOR.
"HOUSE TO LET."
WHERE DID THAT ONE GO?
MY DUG-OUT.
THAT EVENING STAR-SHELL.
"THEY'VE EVIDENTLY SEEN ME."
SITUATION VACANT.
"THE TACTLESS TEUTON."
"NO POSSIBLE DOUBT."
"GOTT STRAFE THIS BARBED WIRE!"
"IF YOU KNOWS OF A BETTER 'OLE."
A PROPOSAL IN FLANDERS.
A MAXIM MAXIM.—No. 1.
"I'M SURE THEY'LL 'EAR THIS THING SQUEAKIN'!"
THE PROFESSIONAL INSTINCT.
"—— THESE RATIONS!"
WAR BABIES.
THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.
DIRECTING THE WAY.
"WE ARE AT PRESENT STAYING AT A FARM."
WELCOME TO THE LATE ARRIVAL.
THE ETERNAL QUESTION.
"THE PUSH."
THE INNOCENT ABROAD.
"THE SPIRIT OF OUR TROOPS."
"THERE GOES OUR BLINKIN' PARAPET!"
REPRISALS.
THE THINGS THAT MATTER.
OUR BILLETS.
THAT SWORD.
PATROL DUTY.
"WATCH ME MAKE A FIRE BUCKET."
COIFFURE IN THE TRENCHES.
"THAT 16-INCH SENSATION."
ANOTHER MAXIM MAXIM.
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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (continued from page 256)

him not to show by any sign that I knew. And I, like a fool, wrote my promise by return.

The Board gave me a month to begin with. And so I went back to my small flat in Maddox Street with my arm in a lovely black silk sling, little suspecting what a crowded month it was going to be.

. . . . . .

Over London there seemed to hang a heavy cloak of gloom, as I wended my way through the jostling crowd of civilians in Oxford Street, *en route* for the dwelling of Dick's *fiancée*. I was thoroughly depressed. Why should youngsters like Dicky be engaged? He was merely an athlete. A thoroughly genuine Englishman, who was never mistaken for anything else. He could always be counted on to have a pencil, a penknife, a pipe, a box of matches, and a tobacco pouch about him. A very typical Briton. I was entirely opposite in character, and that is why I liked him so, I suppose. I am of an introspective nature. I know my own faults and virtues, talents and their limits. I am a receptive artist, with the inevitable temperament. There had been a time when I had thought that money, a decent flat in the West End, and no responsibilities would be the zenith of my happiness. Yet here I was, enjoying all these plus a cushy wound, and I was miserable. As I emerged into Bayswater I realised what it was I lacked. I wanted someone for whom I could work, to whom I could come and say: "See, I have done this for you—I have cured such and such a fault or vice to be more worthy of you — I have achieved such and such a success to make you more happy and comfortable." I wanted a *fiancée*. I wanted to be engaged too. This was my state of mind when I entered the house in South Kensington.

"I want you to be my wife. Will you?"

The host and hostess were charming. "Any friend of Dick's was more than welcome—they had known him since he was so high." This was illustrated by a gesture, which proved to me that Dicky must have been a sort of deformed dwarf at some bygone age. To us entered the daughter. She was very young and possessed a wonderful Italian beauty and grace, a habit of accentuating the principle word in each sentence, and a wonderful English laugh. Julia, for such was her most appropriate name, seemed to return my gaze of undisciplined admiration with a why-the-devil-are-you-staring-at-me-like-that look. So this wonderful creature had chosen from a world of men with souls, a man with muscle. And he called her Bunny; a more unrabbitlike person it would be impossible to meet. I took her to a matinée the following day and to tea at the Waldorf the day after that. I found that she was a brilliant pianist, was possessed of a great charm, a sympathetic nature, and a deep-thinking mind. She was withal a heavenly dancer. I tried hard to think she loved my friend, but in any remarks she *did* make about him she seemed to treat him as a delightful boy rather than as a prospective mate. Of course, I kept away from the subject of her betrothed as much as I could, and we had long talks about deeper and more far-reaching subjects. I don't know from which moment I began to love her. It must have been from the first. One afternoon, having gently persuaded her mother of its respectability, I took her to tea at Ciros. Dancing always intoxicates me, and it seemed to have the same effect upon Julia. We had ambled through a wonderful fox-trot, played as only those coons know how. I was attempting to eat an éclair with a small spoon and stir my tea with the fork. My thoughts were again wandering towards the forbidden ground. Could she possibly be engaged to Dick? Had he made a mistake, a boast? No, he was not like that. Had she accepted him in pity or because she was bored by her home-life? That she loved him, I could not believe. Might not I break my promise? No, that would be hardly fair. Why had Dick been so keen that I should make this vow? What *was* the real mystery?

"Why this deep thought? Am I boring you?"

"No, you could never do that," I answered. It was my first slip.

"Do you know, Mr. Wyndham, that these few days have meant an awful lot to me. As a matter of fact, I am much younger than you think. I am only just eighteen. Up to now I have taken very little seriously, and nobody has taken me seriously. . . ."

"No one?" I ventured.

". . . No; my whole life up to the present has been music, music, and again music. This has been my ambition, and my sole interest. My piano has been my one friend. You have, somehow, shown me that life holds more than that. *Much* more!"

"Julia, you make it very hard for me to keep myself under control."

"Why do you?"

Good God, what did it all mean? That night I wrote to Dick as follows:

DEAR DICK—What I have got to say is very painful, I am afraid. I have met your charming girl. I must admit you have mystified me. I have, of course, tried to avoid your name as much as possible, but when it has

(Continued on page 260)

REPLACEMENT OF WAR-WORN KITS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE complaints of Officers regarding the injustice of having to renew their kits, worn out in the trenches or on war service, at their own expense, has been recently ventilated in the *Daily Graphic*.

My opinion on the subject has been asked, and I am strongly of the mind that the Government should make Officers a renewal allowance after one year's service. Britain has now a huge standing Army, and it is only natural that many of our young Officers can ill afford to replenish clothes worn out in the service of their country. I make the suggestion, therefore, that an annual kit allowance of, say, £30, should be granted towards renewals. Roughly, this would cost the country about £250,000 per month—an infinitesimal amount in comparison with the cost of the war—and a far more necessary and worthy cause than many on which money is being lavished.

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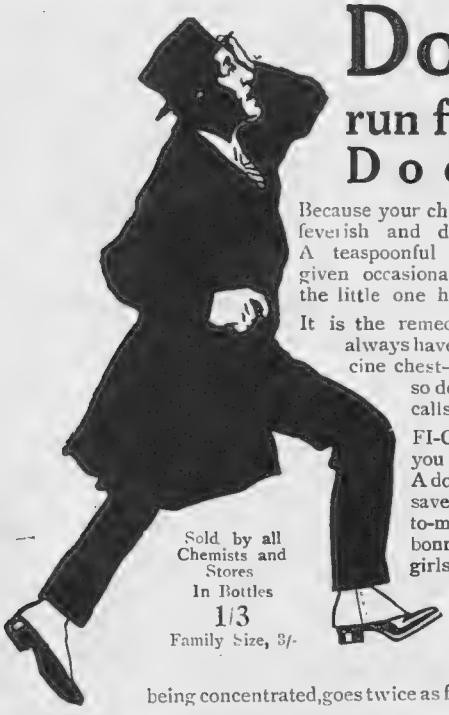

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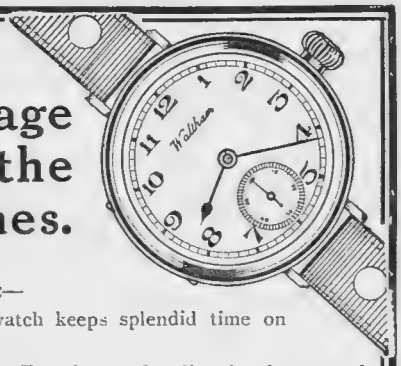

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (*concluded from page 258*)

come up she did not seem to show the extraordinary interest which I should have expected from any one in love or secretly engaged. I am trying to say this with all the kindness I can put into words, but *I do not think Julia loves you.* There, now I have done it. Please explain by return what the whole thing means. Why am I debarred from referring to your betrothal? I feel sure this girl does not even know the meaning of love. I write this as your very sincere friend, HUGHIE WYNDHAM.

I despised myself utterly when I had written the epistle, and even hastily posted it. Why could I not have written simply as Dick's friend, instead of so entirely in my own interest?

I went to lunch there again the following Saturday, but succeeded in keeping the conversation general. I took a very great liking to the handsome father. He was one of the old courtier type, possessed of a great sense of humour and the most wonderful manners. I, who had never known my father, envied Julia hers.

Dick's answer arrived on the Monday. It was illegible and badly spelt. I will give it you corrected:

MY DEAR FOOL—You've got the wrong end of the stick, old cock. I thought I told you my girl's name was Joan. I've just heard that she's up in Scotland playing golf. Do you know her handicap is seven? That's damn good for a girl, isn't it? But you're more interested in Halma, aren't you, old buck? [This, after lengthy considering, I decided was an attempt at sarcasm on Dick's part. As a matter of fact, I am a good twelve, and I have only been playing a couple of years.] How you could have thought that I should fall in love with "sloppy Julia," as Joan and I call her, I don't know. You must think I'm balmy. Joan is coming up to London in a couple of days, and you will see her for yourself. You need not keep the matter quiet any more. I have had a charming letter from her pater, and all's well. It's blooming extraordinary what a difference being "out at the front" makes to people. So long, old bird. Yours till we meet, DICKY WINTER.

. . . . . .

My second Board decided that I should have another month's rest. I think it was wise of them.

I had seen a lot of Julia since Dick's letter, and had even seen the wonderful Joan in a tweed golf skirt, freckled, slim, and for ever smiling. She was a sweet girl, and spoke wonderfully of Dicky. She was alive to his faults, full of praise for his virtues. The right woman.

Julia and I were at Ciro's again. As the conversation took place during a dance, I will try and transcribe it word for word.

"Isn't this a gorgeous tune?" from Julia.

"Er—yes—er—don't you think that for really good dancing. . . .?"

"Oh, look at that extraordinary man over there . . .," again from Julia.

"Yes, very funny. Don't you think that for. . . .?"

"I like this step you're doing. It's one of Vacani's, isn't it?"

"Oh! I don't know. Don't you think that for really good dancing one has to be in absolute mental sympathy with one's partner?" I had got it out at last.

"Yes. You and I have always been in, what you call, mental sympathy, haven't we?"

"Oh, bother, they have stopped." I swore under my breath.

"We shall get an encore."

"Julia, I want you to be my partner always."

"I've never refused you a dance yet."

We were dancing again now.

"I mean the fox-trot of life. I want you to dance it with me. I want you to be my wife. Will you?"

She didn't answer till the coons had demonstrated by some F.F. playing that they were drumming out the refrain for the last time.

"All right," said Julia.

"Darling," said I.

And I vowed to myself that if ever I suspected that a young man was going to propose to a girl I would warn him against doing the deed during a dance in a public dancing place. I have never wanted to kiss Julia more than I did at that moment. And she has confided in me since that she felt just the same. Bless her.

RONALD FRANKAU

Getting On with the War

VISCOUNT FRENCH INSPECTING RECRUITS MOST OF WHOM ARE "DERBY" MEN

Here is an outward and visible sign of the inward and deep-seated determination of Britain to fight to a finish, and another and yet more tangible one is the King's Proclamation of February 3, bringing into operation the Military Service Act—colloquially known as the Compulsion Bill—to-morrow, February 10

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The World of Music

TOPICS OF CURRENT INTEREST

NOBODY seems to have pointed out (and lack of space last week prevented me from being an exception) that the first act of *The Boatswain's Mate*, Dr. Ethel Smyth's opera, produced with such success at the Shaftesbury a couple of weeks ago, is, in fact, a kind of modernised version of a ballad opera. At least, so it seems to me, that is what such procedure as the adaptation of the popular folk-song, "Lord Rendal," to new words really amounts to.

IN some ways it was a pity the experiment stopped so early in the evening. Readers who know their musical history will remember the enormous success enjoyed in the eighteenth century by ballad operas in general and *The Beggar's Opera* in particular. For a time Italian opera was practically driven from London and opera in English reigned supreme.

THE so-called ballad operas were a curiously and typically hybrid form, wherein all the popular tunes of the day, both "folk" and otherwise, were commandeered for service. Yet I am not sure that a clever modern composer might not achieve very considerable success on the same lines. Think of an opera where the tunes ranged from "Lord Rendal" and "Mowing the Barley" through "Cherry Ripe" and "Home, Sweet Home" to "Tipperary" and "The Robert E. Lee"! How shocked our prigs, especially our folk-song prigs, would be.

EVERYBODY has been very excited about museums and picture galleries—far more excited, in fact, about their closing than they ever were about their opening. But I believe I am correct in saying that the Government musical grant was withdrawn some time ago, and nobody paid the slightest attention. It is credibly reported that the munificent sum expended by this poverty-stricken nation on music amounts to some eight hundred pounds in the year. Nobody complains of its temporary withdrawal now, though why in normal times painters should be so much more generously treated than musicians it is quite impossible to understand. But the whole position is ridiculous. Neither in music nor in painting has England ever excelled remarkably, while in literature she stands supreme, yet to the last she has, so far as I know, never given it any official encouragement whatever. Socialists, take note!

FRANCIS TOYE

The war has produced so few even passable patriotic songs, that many people may be interested to know that Mabel Veronica Batten, well-known in London Society as Mrs. George Batten, has written a stirring ballad called "Mother England." It is published by Chappell and Co., and anyone who buys it has the satisfaction of knowing that part of the proceeds will be devoted to the Canadian Red Cross Funds.

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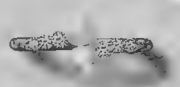

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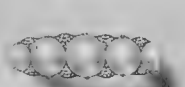

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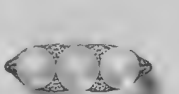

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Books of the Week

TWO NOTABLE NOVELS FROM THE SAME PEN

Mr. Hugh Walpole

MR. HUGH WALPOLE is one of our more serious novelists. In his work there is a sincerity and a high purpose, which together demand a fine criticism. *Fortitude* gave him a definite position, although there are still those who maintain that an earlier book, *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Trail*, is a more finished piece of work. Now, within a month or two of each other, two further books of his have appeared. Of these *The Dark Forest* (Secker : 6*s.*) is the direct outcome of the author's recent sojourn in Russia. Mr. Walpole joined the Russian Red Cross, had exciting adventures in Galicia, and was ultimately decorated for his services. *The Dark Forest*, however, is not the ordinary "war-book" of the Correspondent ; it is a particularly fine novel, with the war on the eastern front as a background.

With the Russian Red Cross

The story is told by an Englishman, Durward, who goes to the Russian front with a Petrograd Otriad, and the poignant drama which Mr. Walpole unfolds centres about no more than four or five persons of the detachment. Of these one, Trenchard, is an Englishman, not the matter-of-fact unemotional sportsman of the Russian idea, but a deeply sensitive man who in his youth has experienced one of those "recurrent dreams" which occasionally come to one in childhood. The dream in his case is of a strange, inimical forest. In Petrograd Trenchard, to his own surprise, has fallen in love with Marie Ivanovna, a member of the Otriad, and they are engaged, but there is a fascinating doctor Semyonov, a clever, sensual man, who comes between them. And, while the shells burst around them, the detachment has to witness a little tragedy of love. Marie Ivanovna breaks off the engagement—on the edge of that strange forest which Trenchard had seen in his dreams.

A Fine Picture of War

To give the bare outline of the drama would be to do Mr. Walpole an injustice. To a point the mere plot is commonplace. It is only after sudden death has struck down the woman that the real story appears in all its weirdness. For it is weird—in the Russian way. It is also an extraordinarily powerful piece of writing. There is, moreover, not a character in the book that you do not know perfectly well when you lay down the book. And there are times when you could almost believe that it was the work of a Russian. Its pictures of the war bite deep down into your heart. Mr. Walpole has seen and felt and been lucky enough to get down on to paper each new impression as it came to him. It may be dangerous to mix up fact and fiction in this way, but Mr. Walpole has succeeded where many might very well fail. And it is something of a triumph to have written a book which is at once so fine a novel and so vital an interpretation of the war.

Photograph *Hoppé*

MR. HUGH WALPOLE

Whose two latest works, "The Dark Forest" (Secker : 6s.), and "The Golden Scarecrow" (Cassell : 6s.), each a masterpiece of its kind, are reviewed on this page

Cameos of Childhood

His other book, *The Golden Scarecrow* (Cassell : 6*s.*), is of a very different kind. Here Mr. Walpole has to tell of little children, the inhabitants of the only London square where street music is not forbidden, and of a mysterious Friend who hovers about them until such time as they are properly—or improperly, in the case of one cynical young lady—able to take care of themselves. These vignettes of childhood have a quality of their own : they bring back to you a hundred memories of the past. The youngsters themselves vary in age from a few months to ten years, but each meets the Friend in his or her own particular way. Who this Friend may be Mr. Walpole does not tell you, but on reading his book you are very willing to credit his existence, and possibly remember that once upon a time there was, perhaps, Somebody in your own early life who approximated to him. In any case, Mr. Walpole here shows his full understanding of the world of small children, and *The Golden Scarecrow* will be enjoyed by all sensible "grown-ups."

An Australian Detective Story

Many Thanks—Ben Hassett (Simpkin : 6*s.*) is the title which Mr. Herbert de Hamel, author of *War Mates*, gives to his Australian detective story. Ben Hassett, I suppose, is to be classed with Arsène Lupin and Raffles, but he altogether lacks their reality. His disguises are far too wonderful, and the amateur detective who attempts to track him down is rather too foolish even for an amateur detective. All sense of personality is lost when everyone of the characters is continually turning out to be somebody else, and in Mr. de Hamel's book the reader is always hard put to it to understand what is really happening. There is a maze of impossibilities, which is a pity, because one or two of the adventures are exhilaratingly fresh. It is all very well to invent your Ben Hassett—but for all his boldness and cunning, he must bow down before the great Law of Probability, which Mr. de Hamel's hero-villain does not.

R. S.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded from page 264)

American Humorists

With the vast exception of Mark Twain and perhaps, in the past, of Bret Harte and the author of *Elbow Room*, few of the really amusing writers of the United States take a firm hold here. The reading world in general does not know the incomparable George Ade, whose *Fables in Slang* delighted our youth, nor is, I fancy, the work of the late O. Henry a household word. But Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are going to alter this, for they have added many of his stories of American life to their popular 1*s.* series. The present volume, *The Trimmed Lamp*, contains twenty-five of those neat, witty, admirably suggestive stories in the style in which the writer who pleased to call himself O. Henry was a master.

A Foreign Accent

Of course, they are written in the American language, but that is the one foreign tongue which every Englishman acquires with ease and counterfeits with horrid effect. The story which gives its name to the book is full of acute observation and apt phrases, but the tales I like best are "A Madison Square Arabian Night" and "Vanity and Some Sables." These alone would make the book, for they possess in a small compass all the wealth of wit, of tenderness, of sympathy, with which the author was endowed. It is a little late to praise now when so many of his critics have proclaimed him, but at least one may beg the English reading public to delight themselves in his mirth, his raillery, and his wisdom.

The Art of Collecting

For a time during this devastating war it seemed as if the gentle art of collecting the interesting work of our forefathers was for ever dissipated. But *The Collectors' Pocket Series* (2*s.* 6*d.* net), edited by Sir James Yoxall for Mr. William Heinemann reassures the world. The first two volumes are labours of love by the editor, who has formed cabinets both of "Old Miniatures" and "Old English Glass," on which subjects he writes from long personal knowledge and keen observation. I think it was Lord Melbourne who said that the only difference between himself and a carter was that he exercised "attention." It is the whole world that lies between the victim of the vast quantity of fakes now spread before the eyes of the buyer and the successful collector; to observe, to pay attention, these things make for success. Sir James will greatly help all those who desire to do the second and stimulate those who can carry out the first. And now is the time for those who desire to buy really valuable examples of such arts as those of the miniature painter, or the crafts of the glass-maker. For the war causes more and more people to sell out at whatever price the public pleases to offer. Apropos, and of great service at the moment, comes Sir James Yoxall's interesting and informing series. Written with full knowledge and a charming lightness and touching upon many a side issue not hitherto dealt with in the excellent books on these subjects, the series set going by the editor has an enviable future, both in America and here.

E. M.

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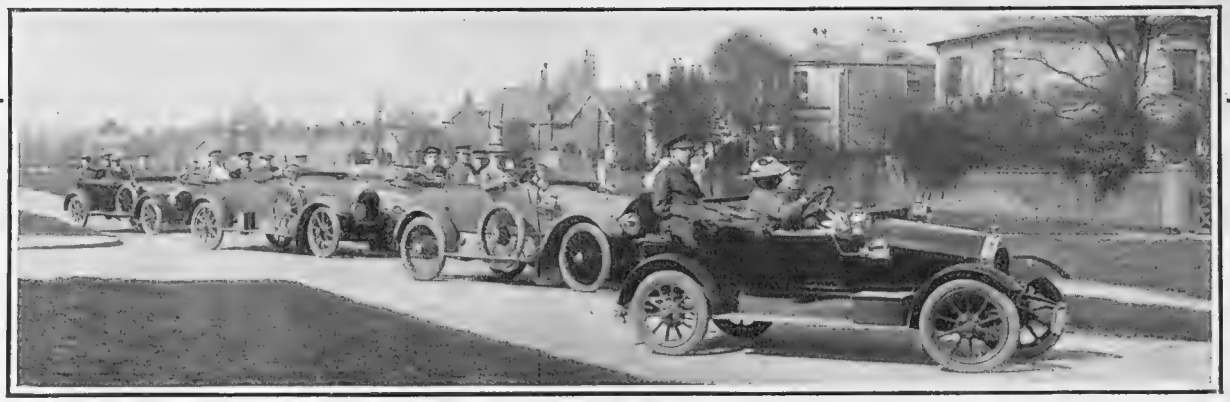

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BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Press the Button

THE mantle of the prophet has descended upon a brother motor-noter, and he has seen visions and dreamed dreams. I don't blame him. The motor world is as near an aching void as it is ever likely to get. If a writer can't draw on memory and lacks imagination, his state is exceeding parlous. My brither, therefore, looks up the years and sees cars running on the press-the-button system *in excelsis*. Gears changed, brakes operated, tyres pumped—everything. No. Not everything. Indeed, my brother has but a journeyman vision after all. Already we have, or have had, most of the things of which he dreams. He is trying to dump a back cast on to us for a forecast. But these matters do not excite me. I'll take what the gods send me through the automobile and electrical engineer; and if presently they make it possible for me to sit in comfort and make the car do my bidding at the pressure of a button, I'll thank 'em and not complain until the button fails to produce the advertised result. Even then I suppose I shall not erupt more violently in the language tank than now.

***

The Hard-Shelled Anti

As for the protests which are raised against my poor brother's vision, they affect me even less "We don't want all these electrical push-button effects" they say. "It will rob the car of all its pleasures." There speaks the dear thing who will always be fearful of change. He is closely related to the other dear thing to whom the present is nothing like it was in *his time*. But he wouldn't give up the new-fangled arrangements and revert to "what it was in my time, my boy"; and if he could and did he would find that it was nothing like what he thought it was, just because he is a different he from the he who enjoyed "my time, my boy." And it's exactly the same with the anti-presently gent. If we developed the control and conveniences of a car until it became merely a matter of button-pressing, you would find him pressing buttons as jollily as the rest.

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Futilities

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***

Things That Matter

THE A.A. progresses despite all the reasons which, in less virile cases, would operate (and have operated) to retard development. The membership nears the magic six figures. Yet it seems little more than yesterday since we mutually felicitated upon the near approach of a five-figure total.

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TO BE SOLD AT A VERY LOW PRICE.

NEAR WINDSOR (few minutes from the Great Park and the River).—The HOUSE is well-built and most of the principal rooms face South with beautiful views over the grounds: lounge hall, 7 reception rooms, winter garden, 30 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms; electric light; hot-water coils; Company's water; gravel soil; stabling, garage, 2 cottages; smaller Residence. The gardens and grounds are well-timbered. There are tennis and croquet lawns, rose and flower gardens, pergola, productive kitchen garden, and meadow-land, in all over 20 ACRES.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W (7,113)

KENT. BETWEEN MAIDSTONE AND ASHFORD.

TO BE LET, Furnished, this picturesque HOUSE, standing high and commanding good views over the Weald of Kent. It is approached by 2 drives, and contains: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and servants' hall, etc.; gas, modern drainage; stabling for 4; full-sized tennis lawn, croquet lawn, terraced garden, kitchen garden, and greenhouse. — Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 2,034)

SUSSEX.

TO BE SOLD.

THIS PICTURESQUE HOUSE, situated 400ft. above sea level on sandstone subsoil, and commanding beautiful views of the South Downs. It contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bedrooms and bathroom; acetylene gas installed; excellent water supply; stabling for 3, heated garage, coach-house, etc.; shady pleasure gardens and grounds, including lawns, flower garden, kitchen garden and meadow, in all about 6 ACRES. 2 cottages can also be purchased.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,466)

6 MILES FROM NEWBURY.
1½ MILES FROM NEAREST STATION.

TO BE LET ON LEASE, a comfortable and conveniently arranged thatched HOUSE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms and dressing room, bathroom, and the usual domestic offices; stabling for 2 horses, garage and glass-house; grounds of about 2 acres, which are well laid out and include tennis and croquet lawns. RENT £100 per annum on lease.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,437)

WEST RIDING OF YORKS.

TO BE SOLD.

A PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 7½ acres. It occupies a healthy and bracing position about 500ft. above sea level, with fine views. It contains: entrance hall, morning room with stone-mullioned bay windows, panelled throughout with old oak, drawing room, dining room, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; modern drainage; gravel soil; good water supply; detached stabling, loose box, and 2 stalls; farmery, gardener's cottage, 7 other cottages.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS,

with kitchen garden, orchard, rockeries, greenhouses, and paddock, the total area being about 7½ ACRES. The furniture will also be sold.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (7,351)

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3 miles from a station and about 7 miles from Salisbury (express trains to London in 1¾ hours).

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recently restored under the supervision of an eminent architect and now in perfect order with central heating and electric light throughout: fine suite of panelled reception rooms, complete domestic offices, 16 bed and dressing rooms, boudoir, 3 bathrooms; stabling for 5, 3 men's rooms, garage; 2 cottages.

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A GENUINE OLD XVIth CENTURY MANOR HOUSE,
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and no adequate description of them can be conveyed by an advertisement—they must be seen to be appreciated. RENT, inclusive of gardeners' wages and rates and taxes, 400 GNS. FOR A YEAR, or 10 GNS. PER WEEK FOR 6 MONTHS.—Inspected and very highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W

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IN A FAVOURITE SITUATION,

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SMALL PRIVATE GARDEN,

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Lease 58 years. Ground Rent £60.
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54, GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.
By AUCTION on MARCH 1 (if not previously Sold).

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WITH SOUTH ASPECT.
CAVENDISH SQUARE
(close to, in a favourite position).

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THE HOUSE IS NEWLY DECORATED

with great taste and is in perfect order. Every up-to-date contrivance for convenience and comfort installed. Lease 70 years. Ground Rent £40.
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A CHARMING OLD COTTAGE

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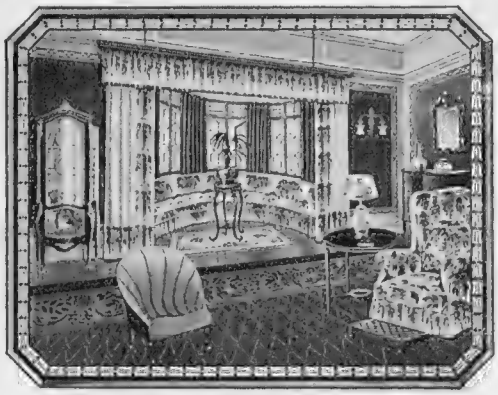

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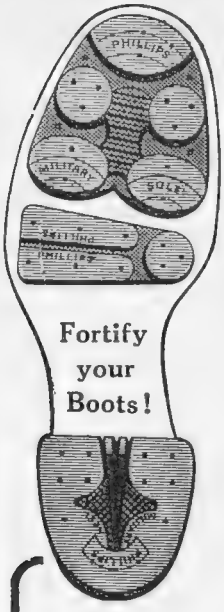

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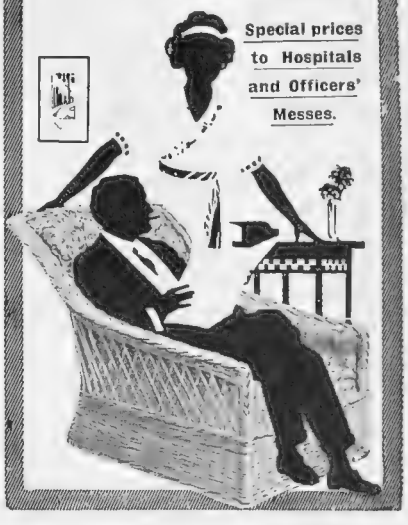

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GREENHOUSE.	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.	GARAGE	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	No. 1 Boiler,	20 0 x 20 0 x 10 0
„ 2 „	11 0 x 16 0 x 8 0	„ 2 „	25 0 x 25 0 x 10 0
„ 3 „	11 0 x 21 0 x 8 0	„ 3 „	28 0 x 28 0 x 10 0

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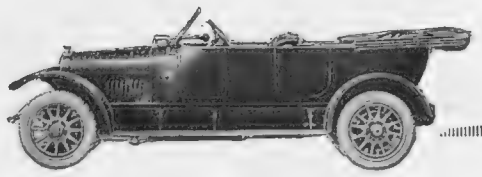

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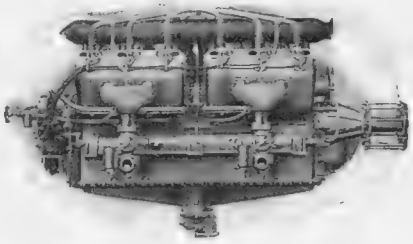

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for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

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SIZE

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SIZE

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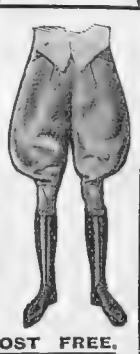

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Mental Expression in Dress

"MENTAL dressing." This delicious remark, which contains a wealth of meaning, dropped from the lips of a mere man the other day, and has been whirling about in my mind ever since. Dress, when you pause to consider, once it arises above the mere clothing phase, essentially expresses the mental attitude. The dictates of *La Mode* are followed in general lines, but whereas one woman will select the neatest and most precise aspect available of the particular silhouette in favour, another's mental outlook will make for the more fussy.

There is a certain intermediate mind, also, that cannot let well alone, and tinkers away at a design until the latter is lost in a very superfluity of decorations and broken lines. The indecision is at once apparent, as is equally the decision in long, undisturbed lines and some small sure touch of decorative relief.

Conflicting Influences

Nor is there any mistaking the mental attitude of the revue artistes, just now, who elect to emphasise in such marked manner the entire superfluity of sleeves, a wisp of *tulle* or satin carried at a low line beneath the arms suffices for corsage; which is the more confusing in the face of the statement that dress is to revert to expressions of infinite femininenes. Mental dressing is a text of profound wisdom that could be enlarged upon at great length. And it may, perchance, cause some to ponder on the advisability of giving a little more thought to their outward and visible garbing, since that is so capable of revealing their inward outlook, so frequently at variance with their bodily requirements from the point of view of suitability.

Reminiscent of Great Grandmama

The feminine note referred to, and which, I have the best authority for reporting, is coming along rapidly, finds unmistakable manifestation in the very adorable and quaint redingote illustrated by Mrs. Dorothy Millar on this page. It, as the saying goes, screams for taffeta, although a very light weight cloth would serve. And the *modiste* will welcome it as well within her scope of sartorial experience. A slightly *religieuse* air is imparted by the ample sleeves, although amplitude is the main characteristic throughout the model, while one of those curious little modern and really rather incongruous touches, is afforded by the high smothering muslin collar, while perched on top is one of those absurd little toques, which we are learning to poise at such coquettish angles. To be absolutely orthodox, which we never are, in these days—and perhaps it is as well — this redingote should be accompanied by a poke bonnet, of which there is at present no sign whatever. In fact, in the second group the mountainous character of the latest millinery *modes* cannot fail to prove illuminative.

WALKING COAT IN THE LATEST MODE

Preferably of taffeta, or else of light-weight cloth, with ample sleeves and high muslin collar. As will be gathered from the description on this page, it serves to emphasise the femininity of the new fashion

(SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

Headgear

Just where our heads are going to end is wrapped in mystery. It is, however, to be hoped that discretion will step in ere we touch absurdity. For anything more wholly hideous and inartistic than hair swept back, plastered to the head, to a high narrow

(*Continued on page* x)

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page ix)

mountainous peak it would be impossible to conceive. And headgear is in a like aspiring mood, as mark the pictured toque. This is exceptionally typical of what is to be worn, and equally so of what is known as the hand-made hat. No tyro could essay the handling of such dexterous folds, which have the appearance of being swirled about until, being weary of that procedure, they suddenly shoot up to a great high standing tapering wing. The material used is taffeta *faille*, an ideal millinery fabric, since it just strikes the mean between the undue lightness of taffeta and the heavier quality of *faille* proper. To steady the under brim, which just curls upward a trifle, fine straw is used, or velvet, if preferred, might be substituted.

The hat carries the mind back many decades, but it is a style assured of favour, since it possesses the beloved straight brim, that seems to suit almost any face it is privileged to surmount. The "topper" crown, however, is a decided innovation, and hall-marks the model as fresh. The hat is composed of dull pink lace, Tagal straw, with underbrim of dark blue silk, the sole decorative relief comprising a small knot of flowers at one side.

"TOPPER"-CROWNED HAT AND TOQUE OF TAFFETA FAILLE

Both typical of what is to be worn. They are described in the first column of this page

War Economy and the Complexion

Being blessed, although there are moments when I am inclined to think, perhaps, it is the reverse, with keenly observant faculties, it has not escaped me how both complexions and hands are suffering from war work and supposed lack of time to employ preventive measures, which, if they are not used, will certainly bring about irretrievable disasters.

Our English climate at the best is not ideal; it entirely lacks, for example, the soft mildness of the air in Ireland. It is dusty and drying, and the water is frequently hard, while there is also something in the air that brings to the surface the unbecoming shininess, which is above all things undesirable. Worry, also, has been a large factor, and I can so well understand and pardon indifference under the circumstances. At the same time, there is no harm in a gentle word of reminder that really nothing lasts for ever, neither sorrow nor war, and that when the sun shines again—both figuratively and literally—those who have persistently evaded the very slight effort to keep face, neck, and hands in condition will regret it to the utmost.

Many, perhaps, do not realise also how inexpensive and simple the means are, not only to prevent the loss of charm, but to enhance it. There is, for example, no more successful or favourite medium than the world-renowned Pomeroy Skin Food, and also the Day Cream. These celebrated toilet preparations are wonderfully efficacious, and have, furthermore, the merit of being most moderately priced.

Thus the Pomeroy Skin Food, which feeds and cleanses the skin, keeps the sebaceous glands well nourished, and costs only 1*s.* 6*d.* for a jar that lasts for quite an appreciable time. This is applied at night, while the Pomeroy Day Cream is a fragrant and non-greasy "vanishing" cream, a most valuable preservative of the skin, and a splendid base for powder. Under its influence all that objectionable "shine" vanishes, so does the cream, for there is not a vestige of grease or fat of any sort in it. The cost is 2*s.* 6*d.*

Then for the hands, those very busy, capable members, so busy just now at such a number of unaccustomed jobs, there is the Pomeroy Safada (a liquid costing only 1*s.* 6*d.* the bottle) and the Safada Cream, a jelly-like substance, which is sold in 1*s.* tubes. All these preparations, together with two most helpful booklets, "Beauty Rules"—revised edition—and "The Hands and Their Care," can be had from Mrs. Pomeroy's, Ltd., Treatment *Salons*, 29, Old Bond Street.

Burberrys' Half-price Sale

The period for acquiring a Burberry weatherproof topcoat, gown, or suit at half-price, and thereby obviating the inconvenience of forced economy, expires at the end of February, and the number of people who have already taken advantage of this unique opportunity, proves how highly it is appreciated by the public. Burberrys' sale stock consists of nothing but their own distinctive models and cloths, not of an accumulation of odds and ends. Apart from occasional shortages in particular sizes, Burberry garments are constant in design, material, and workmanship, being, in fact, exactly the same on the last day of the sale as on the first. A late-comer is, therefore, as well served as the early birds, who, in the ordinary sale orgy, snap up everything that is worth having. At Burberrys' bargain-hunting, instead of being the usual scramble and tumult, is a pleasant and leisurely transaction, conducted under the most comfortable conditions imaginable. Catalogues of the half-price garments included in the sale, both for men and women, are obtainable on application to Burberrys, Haymarket, London, S.W.

Serbia's Need

To avoid any possibility of confusion in the administration of contributions intended for the benefit of the distressed Serbian population, the Serbian Legation requests that subscriptions intended for the Serbian Relief Fund, of which H.M. the Queen is Patroness, should be sent to the Earl of Desart, K.C.B., at the offices of the fund, 5, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, S.W. On the other hand, subscriptions for the following Serbian funds—the Archbishop of Belgrade's Fund for the families of the killed and wounded soldiers, the Society of the Serbian Red Cross, the Parliamentary Commission for the Refugees, and the Society of St. Helena for orphans whose parents have been killed in the war, should be addressed to the Serbian Legation, 195, Queen's Gate, S.W., London.

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SHE DEVELOPED HER BUST SIX INCHES IN THIRTY DAYS.

Any lady can now do the same by following the simple directions given below.

Why exercises, massage, creams, prescriptions, apparatus, appliances, and similar methods can never develop the bust.

No longer need any woman suffer the humiliation of a flat, scraggy chest, nor endure the thoughtless shafts of ridicule or pity which pierce the hearts of those unfortunate members of her sex who lack that distinguishing and essential hallmark of perfect feminine beauty—a Perfect Bust. For fifteen years I vainly longed for this alluring attraction that Nature had denied me, and the lack of which overshadowed every other attraction I possessed. I foolishly and vainly tried worthless and harmful pills and medicines, also massage, creams, exercises, vacuum appliances, apparatus, electricity, prescriptions, and everything else I had ever heard of, but only harm resulted, so I was finally obliged to give up in despair, and conclude that my condition was due to hereditary causes, like being too tall or too short.

These photographs show more plainly than any words how an angular masculine figure may now be quickly transformed to one of beautiful curves by means of the new method explained in this article.

The miracle-working discovery which finally released me from this condition was purely accidental and one which I shall never cease to regard as providential. A dull, dreary world became gay and bright again. I felt like a butterfly newly burst from its cocoon. In a single month my busts were developed six inches, the hollows in my cheeks, neck, chest, and shoulders were quickly filled out and made marvellously smooth, graceful, and fascinating in contour. From a flat-chested, imperfect, angular and masculine - appearing member of my sex, I was transformed into the full-bosomed and sublime perfection of ideal womanhood. I neither need nor desire the slightest profit for explaining to others the method that did so much for me and I have nothing whatever to sell, this offer being prompted by gratitude alone.

I found that the breasts being the only organs in the human body which lie idle and out of use the greater part of one's life time, they positively can never be developed by treating them as though they were simple muscles or other organs in use daily with regular and constant functions to perform. I firmly believe that the new and radically different method of development which I discovered is the only one in existence which takes this fact into consideration, and the utter failure of all the other methods, treatments, medicines, and appliances which I formerly used is thus fully explained. The first moment you feel the tingling, exhilarating action my treatment exerts, the forerunner of the splendid development soon to follow, you will then be able to realise why it cannot fail to cause dormant tissues to rapidly develop as they awaken to new life.

Without knowing it, you already have the facilities for using the treatment in the strict privacy of your own home unknown to your most intimate friends. My only caution to you is, do not use the treatment unless you really require at least three to four inches or more bust development. Do not use it to develop other parts of your body without developing the bust, for while it greatly improves the general health and fills out neck, shoulders and chest, it is certain to act primarily upon the mammary glands of the bust. As the development is permanent and cannot be reduced afterwards be sure to discontinue the treatment as soon as your bust becomes exactly the size and firmness desired. Growth cannot continue after treatment is stopped, but on account of the strong stimulating action exerted you may begin to gradually lessen the treatment as your busts begin to reach the required size and firmness.

Enquiries concerning my method have been so extremely numerous that although many are letters from personal acquaintances, I have found it impossible to write a personal letter in reply to each. I have therefore decided to have a full description of my method printed in the form of a small booklet for free distribution to any ladies sufficiently interested to send me two penny stamps for posting expenses. I have nearly a thousand of these booklets left and this offer is made in the belief that they may prove of interest to the general public, as well as to my personal acquaintances. Simply send your name and address to Margarette Merlain (246K.), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., and while they last a regular copy of my booklet will be sent you by return post, sealed and in plain wrapping. Send me no money, for I have nothing to sell and that is not my object in consenting to have this article published

NOTE.—On referring this new method of bust development to Dr. Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, for a disinterested opinion of its efficacy, his report is as follows: "No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in this treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust." In view of this praise from the highest medical authority, rendered after careful examination of the treatment, there can be no cause for hesitation in recommending it to every reader who requires anything of the kind.

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THE MENU

Some Simple Everyday Dishes

Sheep's Tongues in Brown Sauce

Soak the tongues for two hours in cold water, then scald with boiling water, so that the skins can be easily removed. Split the tongues lengthways, then prepare the sauce. Brown in a saucepan one tablespoonful of good dripping, one finely sliced onion, and two sliced carrots. Season with pepper and salt, a pinch of mace, a wineglassful of cooking sherry, and some stock. Add the tongues, boil up again, and let them simmer slowly for one and a half hours, closely covered. Thicken the sauce with a little cornflour, and serve very hot, garnished with the cut carrots.

Jugged Beef-Steak

Cut up a few onions, tomatoes, and carrots, have ready about 1 lb. of beef-steak, cut into long thin pieces, and roll them round. Put the vegetables and meat with some pepper and salt into a saucepan, with *very* little water (or in a casserole in the oven), and let all simmer for three hours. There will be plenty of gravy and the meat will be very tender.

Stewed Liver (Sheep's or Calf's)

Cut the liver in slices, not too thin, and flour it well. Fry it in dripping until nicely browned. Then take it out of the pan and keep hot while you make the gravy. Stir nearly a tablespoonful of flour into the fat in the pan and stir well till thoroughly mixed, then add about half a pint of boiling water, pepper, and salt, some Parisian essence and a bay-leaf or a few mixed herbs tied in a muslin bag. Put the liver in a casserole dish, and pour the gravy over it, and cook in the oven for two hours. Before sending to table, fry some pieces of bacon and put round the liver in the dish. This way of cooking liver makes it very tender, and is far nicer than merely frying.

A Sausage Pudding

Line a pint basin with good light suet crust, and place in it a layer of pork sausage meat (without the skins), then add some sliced tomatoes and a very little sprinkling of chopped onion. Put another layer of sausage meat, and repeat until the basin is full, moisten with a little good stock, add pepper and salt to taste. Cover with the crust, tie a buttered paper over the top, and steam two hours. It will take just 1 lb. of sausage meat. The onion should be partly boiled.

Steamed Meat Mould (an Excellent Way of Using Up Cold Meat)

Take any kind of cold meat, and mix well with half the amount of soaked bread ; put both meat and bread through the mincing-machine. Flavour well with pepper and salt, the chopped rind and juice of a lemon, a little parsley and thyme. Bind with two eggs, and steam for three hours in a well-buttered basin. Turn out and serve with a good gravy poured round—nicely thickened.

Vinaigrette of Beef

Slice thinly, either roast or boiled beef, place it in a shallow dish, sprinkle it with minced chervil, chives, or shallots, cress, a little chopped parsley, sliced gherkins, and some anchovy fillets ; prepare a French dressing of oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt, and pour this over, but do not stir it up till it is helped at table. Put a border of salad round the meat, and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs. This is an excellent emergency dish.

EMILIA

N.B.—Now that economy in nearly every household is the order of the day, the above recipes, which are all inexpensive, are suitable where there are children to cater for.

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